LAKESIDE JOURNAL

VOLUME II. NO. 39. LAKESIDE, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1921. YEAR $2.00. COPY 6 CENTS.

NEW STATE BANK TO BE ESTABLISHED AT LAKESIDE VERY SOON

The project of establishing a new state bank in Lakeside appears to be near accomplishment at last. At the meeting of the Improvement Club last Monday evening the matter was presented in a new way. A gentleman who does not wish to be publicly named in the project as yet, and who represents substantial business interests in San Diego, has made a definsite proposition to establish a bank here and many of the residents have indicated their intention to take some stock in such an institution. There are enough subscribers already in sight to make the venture a success and all that remains to put it over is to perfect final arrangements. For this purpose a large attendance of all members of the Improvement Club is desired at the meeting to be held at the rooms a week from next Monday evening, May 9.

The situation regarding the establishment of a bank here is briefly this: Two years or more ago the matter was before the people and O. B. Wetzell, cashier of the State Bank of Ramona, went far enough in the project to obtain from the state banking department the required permission or authority for the establishment of such an institution. For business or other reasons Mr. Wetzell did not use such authority and some parties at La Mesa afterwards considered the matter of taking over and making use of it. For some similar reasons they did not do so. The authority is still in force and the promoters of the project here now wish to use it. They want a bank in Lakeside and this appears to be the best and quickest way to obtain it.

Every one interested is requested to attend the Improvement Club meeting Monday evening, May 9.

A SUCCESSFUL CHICKEN RANCHER

One of the Lakeside men who "sabes" the chicken game and makes it a success is R. A. Whitaker, whose place is in the western part of town. He is not a specialist in any one line, but works at it in all departments. He now has in operation five incubators with an egg capacity of 540 each. He has between 700 and 800 laying hens, about 600 hens laying fertile eggs for hatching and 300 or 400 pullets coming on. Besides these he now has 1,200 baby chicks about a month old.

His breeding hens are now laying from 350 to 400 eggs a day and he sells them for eight cents each. He has orders booked in advance at that price for all he can produce besides those required for his own incubators, the trouble being not to sell his product, but to supply the demand for it.

The reason for this demand for his product is that he has always bred pure stock and made a success of the business. He has not been in the show game before last year, but he then got into it a little and carried off a bunch of prizes at the show in San Diego. His eggs took first prize for color and food value, the award being made on a government analysis. He took the first prize for a yard of one cock and eight hens, first for the individual hen, and second on a pen of four. This pen also took the first prize as being the nearest standard weight of any four birds shown.

Mr. Whitaker, although one of the most successful chicken men in the county, says he has a great deal to learn about the chicken business yet. While he makes it pay and is doing well, he is by no means confident about giving advice to others and is always ready to welcome improved methods that are presented. He feeds a great deal of milk to his chicks and says there is good food value in cactus which the chicks eat greedily.

He has great confidence in the future of the business and says there is every reason to believe that it will continue to grow and develop until this region will outstrip Petaluma as a producing section. He says we have a better climate and the opportunities of all kinds presented here are better than in any known region.

Any one who is at all interested in poultry raising and wants to learn about it will find it profitable and a pleasure as well to visit the ranch of Mr. Whitaker.

Another man has escaped from Sing Sing and returned there after trying to make a living on the outside.—New York Evening Mail.

WHY IS A BIRTH CERTIFICATE?

From California Bureau of Vital Statistics.

That piece of paper doesn't mean much to you or to me. But to the helpless infant thereon it may some day become the most important document in his whole life. A birth certificate is accepted in any court as prima facie evidence of all the facts stated thereon. Suppose the child later on in life wanted to prove the age of his mother at the time of his birth or wanted to show that his father was a white man, or that proper prophylactic was or was not used in the eyes by the atendant, or any one of the things mentioned on the certificate. Ten to one he would have a mighty hard time of proving it except by his birth certificate. The present form of certificate is the result of years of investigation and all unnecessary items have been eliminated. What remains is absolutely necessary and every item should be answered.

When a child is first born we must admit he is rather helpless. His welfare is entirely in the hands of others. Are we, who are charged with the vital portion of his welfare, to neglect the helpless babe? Is carelessness on our part to be the cause of possible endless trouble for him in after years? We know not where he will go. We cannot foresee the circumstances under which he may find himself. Proof of American citizenship may some day save his life. Proof of parentage may prevent the loss of inheritance. He may want to get a passport. He may want to use his birth certificate in any number of ways. Birth certificates are being used more and more. We issue an average of 300 certified copies every month. People are needing them more and more for all kinds of legal purposes.

A baby was born in a town where registration is now very good. But it wasn't so good those days and this birth was not registered. The parents moved to Canada and took up some land. The father died and the widow went to work to prove up on some land.

She has done this and now desires to get the title and sell the place. But to do this she must produce the birth certificate of her child, and there isn't any certificate. She is without funds and up against it. Just because this birth was not registered she is having a lot of trouble, delay and expense.

The birth certificate is a legal document and it is entirely too important to be neglected in any detail whatever. Register your baby's birth.

RECEPTION TO PASTOR AND FAMILY

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Gilman gathered at the Lakeside church on the evening of Thursday, April 24, to say farewell to the pastor and his wife.

After a short program of music and readings Judge Burtch presented the following resolution to Mr. Gilman:

Whereas, our beloved pastor and brother has answered the call to a distant field is leaving us, unwilling though we are to lose our leader and counselor, and our hearts being full of love and good wishes for our brother in his new duty, we, the congregation of the Lakeside church, feel that we should make some small expression of our gratitude and appreciation, inadequate and futile though it must be.

Therefore, Be it resolved that we, the undersigned co-workers and brothers of our pastor, go on record as being deeply grateful for Brother Gilman's consistent, untiring labors in our midst. He has held up the light that our footsteps might not falter, and comforted us in our sorrows, and rejoiced in our joy. Here we write down our love for him, our sympathy, our gratitude, our desire that his new field of labor may be fruitful of much accomplishment and that he may feel that he has gained by taking up a new work. We are bereft and our hearts borne down by loss, yet we give you God speed, dear brother.

(Signed). J. H. BURTCH,
R. M. MOORE,
E. P. FITCH,
J. L. LAWS,
L. WESCOTT,
A. A. BURNHAM.

Mr. Gilman responded in a most fitting manner.

Miss Burnham, in behalf of the friends of the pastor and his wife, presented them with a set of silver knives and forks, making use of a clever little original poem to convey the love and good wishes of their friends to Mr. and Mrs. Gilman.

This part of the program was closed by the singing of several of the old songs, and by prayer by Mr. Gilman.

All present then enjoyed an informal social hour, during which best wishes for the future were extended to the guests of honor.

Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Poultry Chats

By De Verelle

Thanks to co-operative selling of eggs and buying of feed, the commercial poultry yards have grown in California beyond the most optimisitc hopes of the last decade.

California produces now 95 per cent of eggs in commercial yards and only 5 per cent in back lots and barnyards, while the east is still depending for eggs that come 90 per cent from small flocks and 10 per cent from professional poultry men. Naturally this condition has brought about a number of specialties that relieve the owner of a commercial yard of time-robbing and irksome duties. One of these is the hatching of young stock. No other state has the number of hatcheries that California is boasting. The day-old chick business has risen to the dignity of a real industry in which big sums of capital are invested. These ready-made chicks are sometimes and should be always a boon to the over-worked poultryman, but—

During the late war a German captain was taken prisoner by the English. When asked if he still believed in "God is with us" he promptly replied: "Sure, but the Americans are with the Allies."

To be sure, the hatchers are with us, but there are some unscrupulous grafters with the hatchers.

"Distance lends enchantment," and only too often the disenchanted buyer is brought face to face with dismal failure because he believed the glowing advertisement which induced him to pass all the local men and send his good money after a bad lot of chicks.

Only a short time ago I read in the "Legal Questions" of the California Cultivator the experience of a man who had taken an advertisement for gospel truth and had bought a bunch of chicks from "strictly trapnested stock." The pullets had grown into a nondescript lot and he took the trouble to visit this "trapnesting" hatchery a few hundred miles from the town in which he lived and which has a dozen or more men who do custom hatching. There was not a trapnest on the place, and now he wanted to go to law. The attorney advised him that he had a good case, but it would prove expensive, even though he would win. I think it serves him right. If a man believes an advertisement without investigating the standing of the advertiser, he ought to be bit.

Every community that has enough poultrymen to have an association has a number of hatcheries, and I prefer to buy locally, because if a fellow gives me a bad deal, I can take the change out of his hide, and, if not strong enough for that, I can put him out of business for want of orders.

Of course there are men who have a national reputation and that will furnish A-1 chicks, but those chicks come high and are really only of full benefit to the poultryman who does his own hatching and wishes to improve his stock. I bought once 200 chicks from the late Walter Hogan. Although they were three days on the road, they arrived in fine condition. I raised every one of them and the pullets proved magnificent layers, while every cockerel brought a good price, but I paid 25 cents per chick and express charges, which was a big price ten years ago; but, after all, they were the cheapest lot of day-old chicks I ever bought. At the same time I got 1,000 chicks from another hatchery, tempted by the low price of 8 cents per chick. I lost about 600, the cockerels and cull pullets were sold as broilers at 22 cents per pound, and I had ultimately 300 mediocre pullets left not worth keeping the second year. There is no excuse for going a great distance to get the necessary stock for replenishing our commercial yards. San Diego county is now sufficiently a poultry producing section with an abundant number of hatcheries to satisfy any commercial poultryman's wants within a radius of one to forty miles.

Another drawback in shipping chicks a long distance is the difficulty to brood them at the temperature they require. For two or three days they have been depending entirely upon animal heat. The sudden change to artificial heat often proves fatal, because the temperature in most cases s to high, which becomes too great a task to the weakened condition of the shipped chick.

Speaking of brooding, let me tell you of a little experiment I tried out and found very satisfactory. My hatching capacity is limited. I can hardly count upon more than 750 chicks to the hatch. I bought the biggest Kresky stove, and people asked me why I had bought a machine which was made for use in the north and colder climate. I built a brooder house 16 by 30. This house is divided by a movable fence into two parts. The stove stands on one end of the room four feet from the wall. The chicks remain three weeks in the part where the stove stands and three weeks in the part that is naturally cooler. In this way I can keep incubating right along and do not have to keep a very large flock of breeders and a big bunch of roosters. I give just enough heat to prevent the chicks from crowding. This arrangement is working very satisfactorily. The mortality is trifling and the chicks are strong, vigorous and active.

So far I have managed to keep away from the day-old chick market, but should I also enter it, to save the most valuable possession of a poultryman, time, I shall certainly buy as close to home as possible.

The commercial flock will be the next subject of my essay. If you are getting tired of them, tell the editor and I'll surrender my pencil.

AGED MAN IS FOUND DEAD IN HIS HOME BY CAPTAIN GREEN

Frank D. Shearer, aged about 70 years, was found dead in his bed last Friday morning. The discovery was made by Captain Green, who had gone to the house to render some assistance concerning domestic matters.

Mr. Shearer was a bachelor. He had been a great sufferer from asthma and rheumatism since his residence here and his coming to this place was for the benefit of his health. For some time he had been in such a condition that he could get about only with the aid of crutches. His condition had grown much worse the last few weeks and Dr. Chilcott had been called frequently to relieve his sufferings. The doctor had been at the house and given the patient medical attention about 9 o'clock Thursday evening. It is not known at what hour death had occurred.

The coroner was notified, but it was not thought necessary to hold an inquest.

The dead man had left a request that no funeral services be held after his death and that his body should be cremated. Judge J. F. Kelly had been in charge of his affairs and rendered much assistance during the patient's illness. Under his direction

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LAYING CEMEMT ON HIGHWAY TO BEGIN IN THE NEAR FUTURE

Construction work on the county highway between Ballena and Santa Ysabel will enter upon its final stage some time next week. Everything preparatory thereto has been accomplished and all is now in readiness.

The contract for this stretch of six miles, and also for the stretch of four miles from Wynola to Julian, was awarded to Bent Bros. of Los Angeles. F. C. Livingstone is the superintendent in charge. The work of grading between Santa Ysabel and Ballena has all been done, but leveling and rolling is all yet to be done. For this purpose the big traction roller that was used by the Ryan company on the contract between El Cajon and Foster has been hired. It weighs fifteen tons and is three tons heavier than the other roller that is to be used on this contract.

The work of pouring cement will begin at the Santa Ysabel end and after about a mile and three-quarters has been laid the machine will be transferred to the Ballena end of the stretch and will work from that point to where work was discontinued a mile and three-quarters from Santa Ysabel. About fifty men will be employed on the job in order to keep the

(Continued on page 5)

WOMAN'S CLUB

The committee in charge of arrangements for the social afternoon, May 5, at Lakeside hall are very much gratified at the interest being taken in the affair. Mrs. H. M. Kutchin, county federation music chairman, is to give a musical program at 2 p. m., and this will be a treat for all music lovers. Admission is free and all are invited. There will be a small charge for refreshments.

The May business meeting of the Woman's Club will be held in the club rooms Thursday, May 12, at 2 p. m. If new members will remember the business meetings are held on the second Thursday of each month there will be no mistakes.

"Sophronia's Wedding" was attended by a large concourse of friends of the club, and the wedding was so well planned and the costumes so unique and striking that all felt well repaid for the effort they made to be present. The music of the evening was fine and added much to the pleasure of all. There were so many concerned in putting on the play and the parts were so well selected and so faithfully rehearsed that it hardly seems fair to mention one name without mentioning all. About forty dollars was added to the treasury as a result of the efforts and the community is looking forward to other evenings of the same kind of pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bishop and some friends from San Diego came out to attend "Sophronia's Wedding" and meet their friends in their old home town.

Mrs. Gilbert Gates from the Eden ranch spent the night with friends in Lakeside and was a witness of "Sophronia's Wedding."

The Woman's Club is not doing any soliciting, but it does seem that each week there is some gift to be acknowledged. This week it is a gunny sack of peanuts from Ira Phillbrook. Many thanks, Mr. Phillbrook.

Mrs. W. S. Shaffor took a sample bonnet to the Marston store in San Diego and received an order for two dozen of them with a prospect of more orders. A committee of the Woman's Club is making the same bonnet for sale in Lakeside and they may be seen at the meeting, May 5.

The members of the Woman' Club are greatly rejoiced to have possession of their own rooms. A committee of efficient women are putting it in order as fast as possible. Not much can be accomplished before Friday night when it will be used to serve the American Legion dance supper. But it will soon be a credit to the club, we believe. The county library will probably occupy a portion of the room.

NEW ROCK CRUSHER

From the Ramona Sentinel.

One of the institutions resulting from highway construction here is the rock crusher that has been built alongside the highway by Avery & Anderson. The power for this new machinery is furnished by a 32 horse power gasoline engine and the capacity of the plant when worked on two shifts of eight hours each is 150 cubic yards of crushed rock per day. Each yard weighs 2,700 pounds, so expressed in weight the capacity is more than 400 tons per day. The rock is obtained by blasting within a few rods of the crusher and is carried to it by gravity so that part of the work is easily performed. All the pieces that come from the crusher are screened and those over the regulation size are returned to the crusher. The trucks hauling the rock are run up underneath the spout or discharge of the great hopper holding the mass and the loading is done by means of dumping, thus avoiding all handling at the crusher. By these means the work of construction of the part of the highway between Santa Ysabel and Ballena will be considerably lighter than it has been on some other parts of the line.

Some men who came to Washington talking about what they did for their political ticket are beginning to wonder what they'll do about their railroad ticket.—Washington Post.

The Democrats of the nation took the "kick" out of our lives, and then the kick of the nation took the Democrats out of our lives.—Columbia Record.

What Europe appears to be peeved about is that Uncle Sam wouldn't take any seat in the League of Nations except a reserved seat.—Manila Bulletin.

It is up to some genius to invent an explosive nickel that will blow up a phone box after the fifth wrong number.—New York Evening Mail.

C. S. JUDSON BUYS RANCHO COSTING A QUARTER MILLION

One of the largest real estate sales in San Diego county since the days of the Spanish grandees in California, it is said, was made yesterday, involving $250,000, when C. S. Judson, a prominent young property owner of Bostonia, El Cajon and Lakeside, purchased the Otay and National ranches, consisting of 14,000 acres.

This probably is the largest body of land intact in the county and was bought by Mr. Judson from the San Diego Land corporation, through Albert J. Jones, for investment purposes. The Otay ranch is considered valuable agricultural land, both beans and grapes being raised in that vicinity on a large and successful scale.

The National ranch is said to contain valuable mineral and oil deposits, this land being on the same anticline as the Tecalote Dome oil properties, and the land on which Dr. Wegeforth has his oil well.

One of the largest known deposits of odalite, a mineral used in the refining of oil, is said to be on the National ranch, and plans already are being considered by the new owner for commercializing this product. In recent years a number of persons have endeavored to obtain leases, but none ever was granted, the land corporation holding the ranches intact.

The Otay ranch land has been used solely from grazing, thousands of cattle being pastured there for years.

Mr. Judson is planning to subdivide the National ranch, which consists of 7,000 acres, into tracts of from 40 to 160 acres each, with Mr. Jones in charge of the subdividing. This will afford an opportunity for those desiring tracts of land of any special number of acres to obtain the exact size they wish, it is pointed out.

The Otay and National ranches are adjoining properties, about ten miles southeast of San Diego, with the National property adjoining the San Diego Country club on the east. Each ranch consists of 7,000 acres, the consideration of the deal being $250,000.

The new owner came to San Diego five years ago from Racine, Wis., and has shown his faith in the future of the county by several previous large investments. His home, El Hogar, on the top of the hill in Bostonia, overlooking the entire El Cajon valley, is one of the magnificent show places of the county. On this site are 94 acres devoted to citrus trees. He also owns a 40-acre subdivision in El Cajon, and the old Gay estate in Lakeside.—Union, April 26.

SEX TESTER FOR FOWLS

Application to patent a sex tester which will determine the sex of all bodies living or dead has been filed by William Linden, musician, miner-alologist and inventor, of 221 North Pardee street, San Diego.

The chief use for Linden's apparatus is to test the sex of chickens before they are hatched, he says. It can also be used to determine the sex of any animal even after it has died, says the inventor.

The tester consists of a cartridge from a high powered rifle and a string. The cartridge is filled with three metals, which of course cannot be disclosed. The person who tests the sex of the egg, for example, holds the string about a half inch above where it is attached to the large end of the cartridge and lets the point of the cartridge dangle about a quarter of an inch above the egg shell. If the cartridge starts to swing in a circular path the egg will hatch a hen chicken, according to Linden. If the cartridge swings back and forth in a line, a rooster will be hatched. If the cartridge does not swing the egg is not fertile.

Linden was formerly an instructor in several eastern universities, St.

GIVEN AWAY

From El Cajon Valley News.

Izer F. Davis has on his ranch east of town a large quantity of cabbage leaves and stalks, residue from his crop, that will make good food for goats and chickens, and he will give it to all who will take it away. They can call at his residence and obtain permission and particulars.

Having watched the adventure of Carl Hapsburg over his shoulder and seen it come to an inglorious end, Wilhelm Hohenzollern oils his trusty saw blade and resumes his exercise at the woodpile.—Chicago Daily News.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
Cigarette
No cigarette has the same delicious flavor as Lucky Strike. Because Lucky Strike is the toasted cigarette.
Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

WHAT ABOUT THE CUYAMACA WATER SYSTEM?

The water situation in all the territory between Lemon Grove and El Monte is a grave one and ought to be enlisting the earnest attention of the best minds we have, yet there appears to be no serious concern about it and matters are just drifting. In the words of the popular song, we don't seem to know where we are going, but we're on our way. Isn't it about time we woke up and made serious inquiry as to where we are going? Isn't it about time we had a more definite idea as to where we shall land if we keep on drifting the way we are now?

The present situation is pretty well understood. Col. Fletcher, as representative of the company, endeavored some months ago to arouse some popular interest in the project of forming an irrigation district within the territory served by the system and selling the property to such a district. He found some support of it, but not enough to overcome the general indifference and open hospitity. Taken as a whole, it wasn't encouraging.

Wanting to sell, he then went to the City of San Diego with the property. There he met much the same reception, but a somewhat better prospect. The council voted against buying the property, but the chairman of the water commission has submitted a lengthy report in which he recommends that the city buy it. When the proposition of forming an irrigation district and buying the property was under consideration in this locality the present chairman of the San Diego water commission advised people in this locality against it. He said the property was a liability rather than an asset; that Fletcher wanted to unload because of that condition, and that the thing to do was to just sit tight and wait until the company had to let go at a much greater sacrifice than at present. Yet after giving this advice to residents of La Mesa and vicinity he recommended that the City of San Diego buy it.

What does that mean? Doesn't it suggest to the minds of the people directly interested in the development of the back country by getting water on the land that the chairman's advice to them not to buy was not wholly disinterested? If he thinks the thing to do is to wait until the company is in still worse financial straits and must sell, as is contended, why did he advise the City of San Diego to buy it? Why is it good policy for the proposed irrigation district to wait and not buy, and for the city to buy and not wait? The people who think we should follow the advice of San Diego men can answer.

In every case when Col. Fletcher or any other agent tries to sell property like that of the Cuyamaca Water Co. he is met with the same old argument. "Yes," they say. "Of course Fletcher wants to sell. It is a white elephant on the hands of his company and naturally the stockholders want to unload. If he's for it we should be against it, for his interests and ours are not the same."

That was the talk out here when the question was being agitated somewhat, and it was the talk on the council meeting in San Diego when that body voted against the purchase. It is the superficial argument of everybody who does not stop to think about the matter much.

But what of all that? What if it is true that Fletcher and the stockholders want to sell? What if the property does not pay expenses and is more of a liability than an asset? What if it is all true?

Are the people of this entire country, for that reason, to sit still and do nothing? If the property were paying dividends and were a well known asset, probably it wouldn't be for sale at all to either a district or the city. The fact that it is not paying dividends and for that reason is for sale creates a situation that demands most serious consideration. The fact remains that this region is largely dependent upon that water system for its development, and the great big issue raised is whether or not we want that system to be gobbled up by the City of San Diego and the good mountain water obtained from it to be used to flush sewers within the city instead of being applied to the lands to which it rightfully belongs.

Whenever that system passes fully into the ownership and possession of the City of San Diego, it is good-bye to any additional supply of water for this vast acreage. It means making a desert of this back country so far as that can be done by depriving it of its natural water supply. There isn't any sort of question about this. Any man who can't see the situation in its true light in this respect is too blind to see anything.

That action of the city council of San Diego in voting not to buy the Cuyamaca water system is not final. In due time it will be reversed and the recommendations of the chairman of the water commission will be followed. Unless something definite and positive and important is done by the people of this region to take over and own and control that water system for their use and benefit, they are going to wake out of their sound slumber some of these days and find that the City of San Diego has got it and gone with it. Then where are the land owners and ranchers who need that water in their business going to be?

The general question of whether mountain water in this country does more good applied to lands than it does used for city purposes only, to flush sewers and put out fires, ought not to be debatable. But the men interested in the growth of San Diego as a city don't care about that. What they want is to boost city property values, and they need this water in their business. Their idea is that they can ship in all the agricultural products they need, and therefore they don't need any productive back country. So far as their interests are concerned, it may become a barren waste. And so long as they can supply their city water needs by grabbing all the mountain water available in the back country they will never look for a supply elsewhere. If the people in the back country will vigorously take what naturally belongs to them and tell the city promoters that they can't have it, then the city promoters will be compelled to look for a supply elsewhere.

What are we going to do about it? Or can we do anything? Has the time for action passed? Shall we wake up, rub our eyes and try to save what belongs to us, or shall we simply turn over and sleep on? If any reader has anything to suggest worthy of consideration we shall be glad to give his suggestions space in these columns.

FARMERITIS

The thing of living in the country is great.

First, all you need is a place to live in, and then a horse and a cow and some pigs and chickens.

Then, all you need is some feed for the horse and cow and pigs and chickens, and a strong man—

But that's next; a strong man to feed them.

Then you need to read all the farmer books and government bulletins and learn just how things should be done.

Then you need the nerve to go and tell your man how to do everything, and the courage to watch him do it another way and ignore your instructions.

After that, all you need is the gall to pretend that you did it, when a bean comes up the way it was intended.

But with all that, it's the life; and a fellow could stand it if it wasn't for the mortgage and paying the man and buying the feed.—Ex.

None of the objections that are offered against the government owning the railroads and telegraph and coal mines are such as could not be applied as objections to owning the postoffice. But the people would not dream of giving the postoffice back to private ownership.—The New Day.

In a period of deflation, put up or shut up means put up more collateral or shut up shop.—Albany Times-Union.

GOOD things from 9 sunshiny climes poured into a single glass for you.
The Coca-Cola Co. Atlanta, Ga.
Drink Coca-Cola
424
Drink Coca-Cola
DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

THE FRUIT OUTLOOK

Los Angeles Times.

Later reports of the frost damage in the districts of Southern California visited by the cold snap of Easter time indicate that the loss in deciduous orchards will not be as serious as was feared. The damage throughout wide belts in the east and middle west, on the other hand, appears to have been as great as first news reports stated, being such, unfortunately, as to realize the worst fears of the growers. It is obvious, therefore, that the Golden State is this year going to be called upon to supply more fruit than ever before to the part of the country beyond the Rockies. This means an assurance of good prices for all Southern California fruit that can be pulled through and marketed in the damaged areas of this section, a situation that will offset losses in a great mauy cases. For the fortunate orchardist of the section who escaped any serious harm, the condition may spell unparalleled returns. The conclusion, at least, seems a reasonable one in the light of available facts.

Only boomers of the old school that is now happily passing carry exaggeration to the point of saying that California is entirely immune from the climatic ills that affect other parts of the country. Every once in a long, long while the weather man gets restless at his task of dispensing uniformly, ideal days to the southwest's summerland and gives us a wee taste of the cold, or heat, or wind, with which he so regularly plagues other less favored regions. And so accustomed are Southern Californians to their own wonderful brand of climate that a little of the other kind "goes a long ways" here and gives everyone a feeling of extreme annoyance bordering on irritation. The average climatic conditions in this section, season in and season out, is so much to be preferred to that to be found in the east and middle west that we have no occasion whatever to apologize for the little bad weather we get. And it gives us a kind of pain to hear the "I told you so" exclamation of triumph that goes up in some eastern papers at those rare times when the weather dispenser slips us a half-way hint of a typical eastern cold snap or puts a little collar-wilting humidity in the summer atmosphere for a reminiscent day or two.

Southern California growers, being mostly from the middle west and east, are sincerely sympathetic in their feeling toward their former friends and neighbors beyond the Rockies who have suffered such heavy losses from the cold spell. They hope that even yet more favorable reports of conditions in that quarter may come in, and they wish the folks of the old home country much better luck next year. The day has passed, if, indeed, it ever existed, when the real agriculturists of one section would wish to "cash in" on the misfortunes of any group of producers in another region. The fundamental problems of production, distribution and marketing are common to all and must be worked out by all. That is the new spirit in American agriculture and it is going to win against even the uncontrolable kind of bad luck that Nature occasionally hands out at unexpected times.

HIGH SCHOOL BIDS FAR ABOVE LIMIT

National City News.

All bids submitted to the school board for the construction of the new high school, which were opened this week were too high for consideration, the lowest, $193,905, being $18,000 more than the amount voted for the building. This figure, submitted by L. E. C. Smith, did not include plumbing, electrical wiring or the eqipment necessary for laboratory work and vocational training, all of which must be provided for by the initial sum of $175,000.

R. E. Smith, clerk of the school trustees, said in an interview yesterday that the cost of the building itself could not exceed $150,000. It is now planned to have the architect revise the plans and to receive new bids up to May 7. If the proposals then exceed the amount available the lowest bidder will be requested to eliminate features of construction until the amount is within the limit.

Mr. Smith said that while this would delay construction it was the only course left to the board. The highest of the six bids submitted was $214,000.

The house of Hapsburg has become the house of Perhapsburg.—New York Evening Mail.

But maybe that was the only way to suppress Harvey's Weekly.—Indianapolis Star.

Either the crime wave is subsiding or people are getting used to it.—Chicago Daily News.

The tears over lost profits are taking the place of the old-fashioned profiteers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Another solution of the housing problem is to keep the movies running night and day.—Pasadena Post.

PROVEN CURE FOR LEPROSY

Honolulu, T. H., April 23.—Leprosy, most dreaded and ancient of the diseases which have best humanity, has been conquered in Hawaii. A proven cure for this plague has been discovered.

Since December 24, 1918, 142 lepers have been paroled from the Kalihi receiving hospital in Honolulu and in none of these cases has there been a recurrence of the disease. Rigorous observation of those who have been paroled is maintained by both federal and territorial health offiicials.

The refined chaulmoogra oil treatment, which effected the cures at the Kalihi hospital, is now being given members of the world-famous leper colony on the island of Molokai, with results very gratifying to those in charge of the work. It is estimated that as a result of the chaulmoogra oil treament leprosy will have entirely disappeared from Hawaii within the next two decades. Practically all of the leprosy patients are orientals or Hawaiians. The plague was first introduced into the islands by Chinese coolies.

Dr. J. T. McDonald, superintending physician of the Kalihi receiving hospital, in a statement made on March 2, when 64 patients were paroled, said:

"We feel absolute confidence regarding these persons. We do not look for recurrence of symptoms in any of these cases. There haven't been any and we don't expect any.

"The only bad feature of the situation is the fact that we cannot grow new parts for persons who have suffered local disfigurement through the disease. We can't grow new fingers and toes, for instance. Persons who have lost them may be no longer suffering from the disease in the least, but nature isn't equal to the job of repairing the damage any more than she can grow you a new leg if you lose one in an accident.

"The situation is similar to that found in cases of infantile paralysis. Patients may be entirely cured of leprosy, but, in the more advanced cases, suffer through their whole lives from the effects."

The dread of leprosy has been fixed so firmly in the public mind that danger of the disease is exaggerated, Dr. McDonald believes.

"I consider it certain that leprosy is no more contagious than tuberculosis," he declared. "As a matter of fact, ten times as many persons are dying of tuberculosis as of leprosy, according to latest statistics. Tuberculosis is the thing we should fear, rather than leprosy."

Full credit for the chaulmoogra oil cure is given by Dr. McDonald to Dr. A. L. Dean, president of the University of Hawaii, a chemist. The use of chaulmoogra oil for the treatment of leprosy is very ancient, according to Dr. McDonald, but absolute cures were not effected until the oil was refined by the process perfected by Dr. Dean, and the essential crystals segregated.

For many years chaulmoogra oil in the crude state was administered internally to lepers. To most patients it was nauseating and offensive to the stomach even when taken in slowly increasing doses by capsule. And the only effect of the treatment was to retard, but not arrest, progress of the disease.

Essential derivatives of the oil, obtained by Dr. Dean's process, are entered into the patient's blood by intramuscular injections. It is this treatment which is now regarded as a certain cure for leprosy, in all but the most advanced stages.

No effort has been made, or will be made, by Drs. McDonald and Dean to profit from the cure, full details of which have been made available to the publications of the medical profession.

There has been great difficulty, however, in obtaining sufficient quantities of the chaulmoogra oil bean, which is grown in India. Efforts are now being made to grow the tree in Hawaii.

It has been suggested by medical authorities who have followed the work done here that in the refined chaulmoogra oil may be found a specific for tuberculosis, as the germs of leprosy and tuberculosis have many identical characteristics. Some experimental work has been done along this line, but no authoritative statement has as yet been made concerning the results.

S. D. & A. FAST FREIGHT SERVICE GREAT BENEFIT TO MERCHANTS

San Diego Union.

Merchants and manufacturers here have been receiving the benefit of the fast freight service offered by the San Diego & Arizona railway to and from eastern points.

A carload of trucks shipped from Alma, Mich., to Cohen-Conkwright company here reached its destination in fifteen days. This is considered remarkably fast time and the speedy service was commented upon by the company. "We appreciate the service rendered and will boost for this new short line," the manager said.

Guy Showley of Showley Bros., candy makers, said his firm had benefited by the fast service offered, as a shipment of syrup arrived in remarkably fast time, preventing a possible shutdown.

Such service makes it unnecessary for local merchants to carry large stocks in the face of a declining market. A fast merchandise package car schedule is maintained from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New York, Houston and El Paso, and merchants are practically assured of receiving shipments on time.

Perhaps Mr. Ford's attitude may be explained by the fact that nearly all Jews prefer better cars.—Cleveland News.

Charles Hapsburg went to Hungary to get his crown, but all they handed him was his hat.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

German naturalized on his deathbed had a line on the probable population of Germans in the Hereafter.—Wall Street Journal.

American Beauty Dust Sprayers

The best *Sulphur Blowing Machines* on the market. Can handle any *Dry Insecticide* or *Fungicide* economically.

We are *Headquarters* for *Spray Pumps* and *Spraying Materials.*

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"THE SEED SERVICE STORE."
909 Sixth St., San Diego.

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10 YEARS HAVE passed since April, 1911.
HOW TIME FLIES!
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Had you begun to save and invest ONLY $6.00 PER MONTH in April, 1911, "the Western Way"
TODAY
You would have over
$1,000.00
COULD YOU USE IT?
ASK FOR FOLDERS
WESTERN LOAN & BUILDING CO.
Total assets $6,420,000.00
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A Modern Watchmaker with the good old-fashioned prices.
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All work guaranteed.
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We quote, subject to market changes:

Whole Corn (Fancy Yellow), per cwt.	$2.00
Cracked Corn, per cwt.	2.15
Corn Meal, per cwt.	2.20
Recleaned Milo Maize, per cwt.	1.95
Recleaned Wheat, per cwt.	2.90
Whole Barley, per cwt.	1.65
Scratch Feed, per cwt.	2.25
Hulled Oats, per cwt.	4.25
Flake Oats, per cwt.	4.25
Santee Poultry Mash, 90-lb. sack	2.40

Dairy Feeds: Beet Pulp, Bran, Ground Barley, Cottonseed Meal and Santee Dairy Feed at our usual "Hard to Beat" prices.

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FARM BUREAU CO-OPERATION IN POTATO RAISING

From Country Gentleman.

Whenever I think of what the farm bureau is accomplishing for the American farmer I naturally turn to my own home community, because it offers one of the most striking cases of concrete results through organization that has ever come to my attention. Things have been done in Flathead county, away up in the northwestern section of Montana, through that county's farm bureau that could not have been accomplished without the aid of such an organization. And our farmers have been so thoroughly enthusiastic about the farm bureau plan because of what has been done that nothing short of political dynamite could now destroy the organization.

Nine years ago a potato expert who knew soil, climatic and production conditions for growing superior, dry-land, prime potatoes came to Kalispell, the thriving county seat of Flathead county, and started a boom in potatoes. That was before the days of farm bureaus and county agents. The big topic then in farming circles was production; scarcely any attention was paid to marketing.

The potato specialist interested not only the farmers but the business men as well. Wheat yields had been coming down steadily for years; water was difficult to get, and a few partial droughts, followed by severe winters, helped neither the cattle nor the ranchers and made business in town rather dormant. It was natural, therefore, that the local chamber of commerce should become interested in the potato specialist and his plan for introducing and developing a new money crop. So a huge potato production campaign was launched.

The specialist knew his end of the business. Flathead county, lying next door to Glacier National park, one of the most scenic sections of the United States, and including the beautiful Flathead lake and Flathead Indian reservation country, woke up one bright, frosty morning to realize that it had something besides its annual tourist crop. For some of the potato yields were phenomenal, and the individual potatoes were colossal in size.

There were potatoes everywhere, and no two fields had the same variety. Then the big problem came up: What was to be done with the spuds? The local market could absorb only a limited amount. The towns-people would not buy, for the campaign had followed into the city and every home had its little potato patch. There was no sign of a warehouse or storage plant. It was too late to find markets because the heavy frosts were coming on. The eastern markets were reported to be glutted and the western buying houses had already purchased their fullest capacity of irrigated potatoes.

I don't exaggerate when I say that I never saw so many potatoes in one community. The farmers moved their furniture out and dragged in the potatoes. They ate spuds three times a day and fed them to the cattle and hogs.

Then came another inspiration. Why not convert the potatoes into starch and Saratoga chips? That sounded good. A committee from the chamber of commerce took up the proposition, studied it seriously, drew up an appropriate set of resolutions, presented its report to the farmers and business men and then called on the citizenship of the valley to donate funds for sending a representative to Germany to find out how starch was made, what kind of machinery was used, how much it would cost and how to go about it.

The money was raised, and the commercial club's representative sailed. He stayed six months in Germany, studying every angle of the business, and came back with a heavy and interesting report. But he didn't figure on the Flathead farmer. The latter had a stomach full of potatoes and knew when he had enough. The farmer realized that, no matter what prices he received for his grain and cattle, he could always sell both. He was not quite so sure about potatoes. So, while the farmers were much interested in the report that was brought back from Germany, they were very much uninterested in subscribing to stock in a starch manufacturing plant, and many were firm in their determination never to grow potatoes again.

That was nine years ago. I returned to the Flathead valley last winter and I saw a different sight. I saw potatoes again, but they were in a warehouse, nicely sacked and graded, labeled according to grades and taking no chance on the frost. There was a model warehouse, equipped with the best heating and ventilating system and managed by a farmer who not only knew something about growing potatoes, but also the tricks of the trade in storing and selling potatoes. Big trucks were hauling in twenty-five to fifty sacks at a time, and men were loading the sacks into the cars on the siding.

I examined their method of keeping records and went over their books. I saw their contracts with growers and their agreements with big distributors. It looked like a growing concern. My old neighbors and friends were feeling satisfied with their undertaking. True enough, potatoes were not selling for what they had expected, and their seed had cost them from 10 to 12 cents a pound; but they were getting rid of their entire production and were averaging 25 to 35 cents more to the hundred pounds than the adjoining potato sections. Moreover, they were establishing a reputation for a certified, trade marked, guaranteed A-1 product, which meant even more and better future business.

G. C. Wooster of Flathead county, a successful potato grower himself and now secretary-treasurer of the Northwest Potato exchange at Kalispell, told me how the exchange had been started and how it had developed.

"The exchange owes its birth to the farm bureau idea. We old-timers have always known that we could raise as fine a spud in the Flathead valley as can be produced elsewhere, but we never could figure out how to get rid of our products without handling it through the sharp trader.

"Two years ago the farm bureau idea came along, and just at the right time, for we were in a frame of mind where we would have joined anything that promised any kind of relief.

"We got in touch with our county agent, and through him we learned what other farmers in other sections of the country were doing in marketing lines.

"Then followed a number of meetings throughout the county. Our folks were still skeptical, and goodness knows how much gasoline County Agent R. B. McKee and I burned up in getting round to convince our neighbors that something must be done. But for the personal work done by T. B. Haynes of Creston and W. S. McCormack and Edward Dickey of Kalispell, this exchange would not be working now.

"We interested George F. Stannard, one of our most progressive business men, in our proposition, and he volunteered to finance our warehouse if we secured the right kind of a man to head our organization. We employed H. M. Lewis of the Lewis Potato company, of Powell, Wyoming."

"It was a business proposition with us," said Mr. Stannard, "not only so far as we ourselves were concerned, but more in reference to the community itself. Nine other business men of Kalispell put up the money with me, and we built a warehouse of the most modern construction at a cost of $22,000. For an additional $1,600 we built an office and put in the scales; $37,800 we invested in bags, labels and supplies, which were sold to the growers at actual cost; $1,200 we set aside for advertising, meeting, publicity work, and so forth. The expenditure of this money has resulted in a Northwest Potato exchange, capitalized for $100,000, handling for the farmers at cost $40,000 worth of implements, sprays and poisons and securing from them in return 6,000 acres of the finest Netted Gems in the country."

"Has your exchange been a success?" I asked County Agent McKee.

"You may say over my name as county agent for Flathead county," replied Mr. McKee, "that the exchange has made good in its first year of business. Without the potato exchange it is doubtful if potatoes could have been sold at all this season.

"One of the fine things that has grown out of the potato exchange has been the certification of seed potatoes. Through the work of T. B. Haynes of Creston, who is chairman of our certified seed committee, eighteen potato growers were interested in growing seed plants. Instead of buying our seed elsewhere, we shall now use our own seed throughout the county."

"We have shipped 226 cars up to the present time," stated General Manager Lewis, "and we have saved the growers $20,000 on the co-operative purchase of supplies. Our prices for our potatoes have been the best in western territory, and we have beaten the market by knowing where to sell. We are particularly proud of our Flathead Aristocrats, these being our finest tubers, uniform in size and quality, which we have sold by the carload to railroads for use on dining cars.

"Our Northwest Potato exchange and our Northwest Potato Warehouse company are two organizations working as one. The money for the exchange was put up by the business men of Kalispell and the valley, while the growers participated in organizing the warehouse by taking out one ten-dollar share for every acre of potatoes they agreed to market through the exchange.

"Warehouse charges were not made against a grower where the exchange held the potatoes until the market warranted selling. But if a grower decided to hold his crop as an individual for future market quotations he was charged 5 cents a sack a day.

"Under the exchange plan every car of potatoes is sold f. o. b. We are affiliated with the largest marketing organization in the United States, possessing sales offices in over 150 car-lot markets. The fact that the growers have decided to double their acreage this year is proof of our success in satisfying them.

"The railroad gave us the site upon which our warehouse now stands. It has been a case of everybody pitch in and no one stay out."

WHAT OF IT?

This is a dry year. It is one of the dryest and most unpromising years up to this date that has been known in California for a decade or more. The crops are going to be light and in many cases practical failures. The country is not going to produce very much. It isn't going to be a year in which to make money or get rich. People who succeed in holding their own and not losing financially will be considered as doing pretty well.

All this is true, but what of it? We have had such years before and we are still here and going strong. We lived through other bad years and we will live through this one all right. What if we don't make money and add to our wealth? We will all get along and enjoy life, if we take the right attitude toward life, just as well as if we did pile up more wealth. Nobody is going to starve. There will be no actual suffering because of short crops. Everybody will have what he actually needs to eat and wear and all will have shelter and comforts and luxuries just the same as ever.

What more do they need? Given food, clothing and shelter and the ordinary comforts and luxuries of civilization such as most of us are accustomed to, what need to work if we don't increase our holdings of material things? Even if we all close the year with less of wordly goods than we began it, nobody will be permanently injured.

The trouble with most of us is that making money and increasing wealth has become such a life habit, such a passion, that we are unhappy if we can't be doing it all the time. Our idea of a good year, a prosperous and happy year, is one in which we all make money and get richer, and if we can't do that we are inclined to worry and hang crepe and talk dismally and dolefully.

It is the worst possible way of having a good time. All that happens in this world of ours is for the best. The only trouble with us is that we can't see it. We need to strive for the broader view, to gain the "larger, nobler faith in all that is and is to be," then we can see and understand that there is absolutely nothing to fear, nothing to worry about, nothing that need curtail our enjoyment and happiness at all.

What the American people lack is a sense of justice. It is hard for the average citizen to recognize the claims of justice unless those claims are given a selfish and immediate meaning in terms of his own interests. If his own interests are directly threatened, or his own rights directly violated, he will either mutter in discontent or howl in protest, according to the degree of his indignation and courage. But if the rights or welfare of some one else are the object of attack, the average citizen shrugs indifferently and goes serenely about his business. If it is a foreigner, or a colored person, or a poor workingman who is the victim of injustice, your respectable middle class citizen will even condone the outrage out of a feeling of unreasoning prejudice. The man who is broad enough and noble enough to protest against injustice, wherever and upon whomever inflicted, is unfortunately rare in our midst.—Ex.

You can't expect the dove to settle down while the riveters keep up such a din on new battleships.—Pueblo Star-Journal.

We can't hope to settle this prohibition controversy until we make up our minds to try and see how it works.—Utica Telegram.

At this season one shouldn't waste much sympathy on the man with the hoe. He is probably digging worms for bait.—Worcester Gazette.

Justice is blind, but seldom too blind to distinguish between the defendant who has a roll and the one who is dead broke.—Moline Dispatch.

Charles evidently went on the assumption that a king could turn the trick in a country that was always playing the deuce.—Washington Post.

Tractor For Sale

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THE LAMAR-DAVIS TRACT

A Subdivision of Ramona

Is a body of 800 acres of land adjoining Ramona on the northwest. The soil is a black and red loam, principally decomposed granite.

Water has been found in abundance at a depth of 22 feet near the center of the tract, and there is no doubt but all that is needed can be obtained in all parts of it.

The topography is of course varied, as is that of all California lands, there being hills and valleys. The soil of the valleys is especially well adapted to fruit and vegetables and is ideal for poultry raising.

For the purposes of the small rancher, the man who wants an opportunity to work and gain a competence and independence, there are no lands in San Diego county that can compare with these in productiveness and general desirability.

Lands not nearly so good and located closer to the city sell readily for from $250 up, and the only reason that these are not so priced is that they are located more remotely and in a country not so well known.

We are offering these lands in tracts to suit purchasers at from $60 to $100 per acre, and on terms of one-third down and balance in one and two years at 7%. This offer cannot be duplicated anywhere else in California. With the completion of the county highway and the accompanying improvement taking place here, every acre of this land will be worth double the present price within the next two or three years. This is no exaggeration, but is demonstrated as true by the experience of people in all similar locations and situations in the past. Therefore this is a genuine opportunity that is presented. All we ask is a thorough and impartial investigation.

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NUMBER 3

MISFIT TUBES

Ordinary tubes are simply straight pieces of tubing which must be forced by inflation into the ring-shape of the casing.

This results in wrinkles which in turn lead to pinched and torn tubes.

Michelin Tubes, on the other hand, are made ring-shaped like the inside of the casing itself, and hence fit perfectly without wrinkling or stretching. Naturally Michelin Tubes last longer. Let us show you the difference in shape and wearing qualities between Michelins and all other makes.

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LAKESIDE JOURNAL

SMITH & SON
Owners and Publishers

Successor to Lakeside Booster, established 1919.

Published every Friday at Lakeside, California. Subscription, $2 per year, $1 for six months, payable in advance.

Entered as second-class matter September 6, 1919, at the post-office at Lakeside, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The postal regulations require that subscriptions must be kept paid within the year, otherwise the paper will not be admitted as second-class matter.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1921

Personal Mention

Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

Get your share of silverware from Flax.—Adv.

Mrs. Tom Lamadrid was a San Diego visitor Wednesday.

See back page for good Flax news. —Adv.

Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lamadrid spent Sunday in El Cajon visiting relatives.

$40 silver set given away at Flax's. —Adv.

Mrs. A. E. Newcomb visited relatives in Ramona Sunday.

H. S. Kibbey shipped in a car load of cement Tuesday.

See Joe Flax's ad. on back page.—Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Gandyra went to San Diego on business one day this week.

Mrs. Guy Perkins came down from the El Monte to spend the week-end in Lakeside.

Mr. and Mrs. Huime and family of San Diego visited relatives in Lakeside Sunday.

Miss Ida Van Antwerp called on friends and relatives in Ramona Sunday.

Mr. Charles Kelley drove a large bunch of cattle to Eagle Peak Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Zellner and Mr. H. P. Horne motored to Ocean Beach Sunday.

A car load of Fords for J. C. Ferguson of Ramona arrived at the Lakeside depot Thursday.

Mrs. Tom Miller and family of Ramona visited relatives in Lakeside one day last week.

Mr. L. Kretz of Imperial valley made a business trip to Lakeside on Monday.

Mrs. H. S. Kibbey and daughter Barabara are spending several weeks at the Willows.

Mrs. Jesse Adams, Carroll Harris, Mrs. A. D. Mavis and James and Julia Mavis, all of San Diego, spent Thursday with relatives in Lakeside.

Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. E. Davis of San Diego gave a dance at the hall for their friends. A jolly good time had by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerschner and family and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zellner were dinner guests at the Phillips home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerschner and family and Mr. and Mrs. Phillips motored to San Diego Sunday and attended a show.

B. W. Sinclair, the Ford dealer of San Diego who owns a lemon ranch near Lakeview, loaded a car with his fruit Thursday.

The Lakeside Sunday school will give a picnic at the El Monte oak grove tomorrow, Saturday. The friends are asked to take their lunches and spend the day.

B. L. Wade of Escondido spent Sunday at the home of E. L. Mallory and his wife and son, who had spent the past two weeks visiting in San Diego and Lakeside, went home with him.

Rev. H. R. Williams of San Diego will occupy the pulpit of the Lakeside church at 11 o'clock Sunday morning, May 1. All are invited to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilman and family left Tuesday for Blue Lake. They have lived here for the past four years, and during that time have made many friends. We are very sorry to to lose them, but wish them the best of success in their new field.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newcomb made a trip to Camp Kearny Wednesday.

Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

The large room back of the south window in the east front of the Lakeside store is being fitted up as an ice cream parlor and it will be one of the places greatly in demand during the warm weather. J. A. Piercy has charge of the work of remodeling the building.

C. N. Vance and family and Mrs. Jackson spent Sunday at La Jolla with Mr. and Mrs. A. Rhodes and sons. These two families were neighbors in Indiana and Mrs. Vance and Mr. Rhodes were classmates. Mr. Vance and Mr. Rhodes' birthdays were on Friday and the celebration was on Sunday.

Many will be surprised to hear of the marriage of Miss Dorothy Mazuren to Mr. Cecil Cheeseman which event took place over the week-end in Los Angeles. The young couple were well known here, and all their friends join in extending best wishes. They will make their home in San Pedro.

Monday night a crowd of Lakeside people went on a fishing trip to Ocean Beach. They had supper on the beach and report a jolly time. They caught about 1,500 fish in all. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Kerschner and family, Mr. Kibbey, Mr. and Mrs. Zellner, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. Horne, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, Mr. Langdon, Javier Smith and Mr. Mansur.

The Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society held their meeting April 19 in the Lakeside church. After the business of the afternoon the ladies were invited to the dining room, where they found a table spread with dainty refreshments. The president, Mrs. Moore, on behalf of the ladies, made a short speech, telling Mrs. S. C. Gilman of their love and appreciation, whereupon she presented Mrs. Gilman with a shower of miscellaneous articles from the ladies.

LAKEVIEW

Mrs. J. E .Meyers and Mrs. Ralph Jones were El Cajon visitors Tuesday.

Billy Lane is getting ready to start a wild west show. He has traded his Ford for three mules and a shotgun. He already has a drum, so will soon have the complete equipment.

Claire Streeter struck the trail Sunday evening, stopping at the mines near Dehesa two miles fro civilization to have a chat with his friend, Robert Gaines. He reports the usual good time these boys have when they get together.

Geo. J. Shoenhair of Los Angeles was a week-end guest of his sister, Mrs. McPhersen at Shoenhair ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Petiot were Lakeview callers Friday of last week.

C. W. and Mrs. Peace called at the Reynolds home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. M. Ina Cuthbert of San Diego and daughter Elizabeth and little son Stewart were calling on friends in Lakeview Friday afternoon. They were accompanied by Mr. Cooper.

Claire Streeter took a number of the high school students to Escondido to attend the ball game between the high school there and the Grossmont high. They had a jolly time, but failed to bring back the pennant. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gleason chaperoned the youngsters.

A merry party of campers were enjoying the open air at the Olive Ranch grove Tuesday.

Mrs. W. H. Stewart is in the hospital at San Diego, we are sorry to report, and hope for her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Robert Gaines and sister, Miss Marie, were guests at the Olive Ranch Sunday.

Carlos has his bugle trained now so it will "toot."

Mr. W. M. Neff of Hobart, Oklahoma and family, who have been spending the winter at Long Beach, camped in the Olive Ranch grove early this week. They are so charmed with our sunny country that they say they will return to make it their future home.

Lakeview isn't exempt from the prevailing epidemic of thieves and robbers. Tuesday evening thieves tried to get away with one of A. B. Wight's horses. They had tied the fence down and put a hackamore on the horse, but something frightened them away before they succeeded in their attempt.

JAMUL

Saturday and Sunday were two more blustery days, and still no rain.

This year has been a very odd year and one of the driest in many seasons.

Most of the early sown grain is heading and has held its own in spite of the drought.

Some very nice fields of hay can be found in Jamul and considerable hay will be harvested the coming season.

The orchards look well. John Maxfield's has a fine showing of almonds on the trees.

The cold snap did not do any damage in these parts, though considerable snow and hail fell.

Much road work is going on between Jamul and Dulzura in the way of leveling and surfacing with granite.

G. L. Maxfield has received his new Ford, and Clarence Ferguson purchased his old machine.

C. E. Hill likes his new Buick, but still sticks up for the Dodge.

G. L. Maxfield is improving and is able to attend business after his recent cold.

The honey crop will be very light owing to no late rains.

Mr. and Mrs. William Finney are rejoicing over the arrival of a granddaughter at the home of Mr. Robertson, near Phoenix, Ariz. Mrs. Robertson was formerly Miss Dora Finney.

The Perkins ranch recently changed hands. The new owner was out for two or three days, but returned to town again.

The Home department of the farm bureau met at Mrs. Ollie Holmes Friday of last week.

Richard Young left on the 14th for Picacho mining district. He expects to stay all summer. No one envies him, during the summer time.

Mr. Gustav Bastar visited his ranch last week.

FOSTER

Don C. Bryan and son Jack left last Friday morning for Santa Ysabel, where they will work on the road.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Ogden and son Jack of Alpine spent Sunday with Mrs. Ogden's daughter, Mrs. G. L. Miller.

The Foster School Club, composed of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades, had a wiener roast at the school last Friday night.

Harry Baker has been busy cutting Mr. Corthal's and Mr. Sanford's grain. Lucky people to have any grain to cut.

Mrs. Milligan of Los Angeles is spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Haering.

Mr. Eaton of Los Angeles is also a visitor at the Haering home.

Mr. Burton and son have gone to Santa Ysabel to work on the road.

Mrs. Walburn and two children, Thomas and Marie, left for Witch Creek Wednesday morning, where they will join Mr. Walburn.

The eighth grade of the Foster school visited the high school Tuesday at an invitation from Mr. Vance. The object of the visit was to get an idea of the different courses offered and decide upon which they would take next year. The eighth grade came back with a firm determination to make their grade so that they will be able to attend high school next year.

FANITA HEIGHTS NEWS

Sunday afternoon callers at the C. D. Frazee home were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bowman, Mrs. F. Cowles, Mrs. M. J. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, J. C. Hartley and family, Paul Hartley and Miss Dorothy Dee Stevens.

Mr. W. Dufford and family and Mrs. Frank Wrengburg and family of San Diego were Sunday visitors at the M. G. Robbins home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Netting gave a dinner party Sunday, April 24, in honor of the 86th birthday of Mrs. Netting's father, Mr. Alfred Jones. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Jones and Mrs. Hill and nephew. Mr. and Mrs. Fox joined the party later in the afternoon.

The regular monthly meeting of the Improvement club was held Thursday, April 21, at the home of B. W. Anderson. A drive for new members was launched.

Considerable interest is being shown in the proposition of a community electric plant, to be powered with a Disel engine.

SANTEE

Mrs. Stanley Conant and her three young daughters of Oceanside are visiting in Santee and Pepper Drive this week.

Mr. Fisher has engaged a boat for a two-day fishing expedition on Cuyamaca lake next week.

The Rev. Mr. Mills is gone on a two months' evangelistic tour in the lumber camps of the northwest.

Mrs. Mills is superintending the refinishing of the interior of their new home.

SANTEE METHODIST CHURCH

Mrs. Fred A. Mills will speak on "Home Missions" Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. In the evening the pastor, J. E. Fisher, will give a stereopticon lecture on Korea, illustrated with 75 fine colored slides.

The Allies apparently spurned a peace without victory for a victory without peace.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

European kings appear to adhere to the Salvation Army doctrine that a man may be down but is never out.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

What is wanted from the Germans is less say and more pay.—Paterson Press-Guardian.

CROSS-COUNTRY ROAD SPEEDED

Escondido, April 23.—For a cross-country highway connecting the northern end of San Diego county with the central and northern part of the Imperial valley the communities of the northern portion of San Diego county and the people of the City of San Diego are working with the communities of the northern part of Imperial county for the completion of the northern route, so called, extending from the Warner ranch section of San Diego county to the Westmoreland and Brawley district of the Imperial valley.

Construction work is progressing on the partly completed road running down Grapevine valley to Brawley via the San Felipe Narrows, which road, though rough in places, is being traveled, present efforts being directed to the surfacing of the twelve miles between the Narrows and the Imperial county line.

On the east side of the range of mountains dividing the San Felipe and Grapevine valleys, Supervisor Foster of the third supervisorial district, San Diego county, is building a road through the Sentenac canyon, the undertaking calling for about three miles through a rugged rock formation. The completion of this road will afford a connection between the two parallel valleys and provide a short cut-off for people wishing to get into or out of the mountain country of the Julian-Warner section.

The board of supervisors failing to secure a satisfactory bid, Foster has tackled the job by day work with a large crew of men, mules and air-compressor drills.

The building of the northern highway was started by the holding of a big road meeting in the desert at San Felipe Narrows in the fall of 1919, at which a flag raising was one of the features. Various commercial organizations and individuals of the sister counties are assisting in the financing of the important project.

It is hoped to have the Sentenac canyon cut-off ready for use by the summer of 1922. Meanwhile travel to and from the Imperial valley will be by way of Grapevine valley.

AGED MAN IS FOUND DEAD IN HIS HOME

(Continued from page one.)

the body was last Wednesday still held at the undertaking parlors of the Johnson-Saum company awaiting final disposition.

Mr. Shearer was a native of Iowa. He had been engaged in farming, mining and had spent many years of his life in Mexico pursuing the latter occupation. The only surviving relatives are a brother, W. R. Shearer, and a sister, Mrs. Carrie J. Trimball, both of Marshalltown, Iowa. The sister was here and spent ten days with him about three months ago.

He had been a frugal and industrious man during his active life and was known to have some money invested in this vicinity. He was highly respected by all his neighbors as a man of good standing and admirable character. The little house he occupied alone was always scrupulously well kept and neatness, punctuality, efficiency and integrity were his distinguishing characteristics.

Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

CLASSIFED COLUMN

The rate for advertisements in this column is 10 cents per line for the first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion, in one paper, and 15 cents per line and 10 cents per line for each additional insertion in more than one paper, payable in advance if you have no regular account. If in doubt as to the amount the advertisement will cost, count six words to the line and send money to cover the number of lines and insertions as per instructions above. No advertisement taken for less than 50 cents for insertion in one paper, or 75 cents for insertion in more than one paper. Note and follow these directions and your advertisements of this class will be inserted as directed.

FOR SALE

HOGS—40 to 50 Duroc hogs, feeders, weigh around 100 pounds, all or any of them. Also a 1,200 pound horse that I don't need. $20 takes it. W. S. Banks, Iamona, phone 5-F-11. 3-4-tf

1914 CADILLAC—Touring car, completely overhauled, electrically equipped, price right. E. Rex Gorton, El Cajon. 3-25-tf.

CLEVELAND TRACTOR—Used less than 50 hours, with Oliver disc plow and Killefer disc harrow, $1,200. E. Rex Gorton, El Cajon. 3-25-tf.

OVERLAND—1920 light touring car; in fine shape, looks like new. Been run 11,000 miles. Inquire E. Rex Gorton, El Cajon. 4-1-tf.

MARE—Good mare weighing about 1,200 pounds. Address Ruth McCarthy, Santee. 29-Ap 21-1t

SWEET POTATO PLANTS — Now ready. Alfalfa hay in about three weeks. I. M. Philbrook, Lakeside. Phone El Cajon 324. 4-29-2tpd

LAND—20 acres; three acres of grapes set out this spring; some fruit; water piped; five-room house; houses for 500 chickens. Will take good car and $1,000 for my equity of $2,800, or will exchange. Value of place, $4,000. Mrs. Summey, Riverview Farms, Lakeside, Cal., Telephone El Cajon 743-2B. 4-15-tf.

ROADSTER—Chevrolet roadster, practically new, has been run less than 200 miles. An unusual bargain. Can be seen at Service Garage, La Mesa. E. G. Allen, La Mesa, Cal. 29-Ap-1t-pd.

PIGS—Registered Duroc-Jersey pigs, $10. V. Y. Dranga, Washington and Mollison, El Cajon. 29-Ap-2t

FIRELESS COOKER—One-hole fireless cooker complete, in fine condition. Apply at postoffice.29Ap-1-pd.

EGGS—Pure bred Brown Leghorn eggs from prize stock, $1 per setting of 15. E. M. Tibbetts, North Spring street, La Mesa. 15-4t-pd.

PIGS—Hampshire pigs. With papers and without. Price accordingly. W. S. Stough, Magnolia avenue, El Cajon. 4-22-4t.

MISCELLANEOUS — Horses, hay, mowing machine and some good cows. Clarence Ferguson, Jamul. Phone La Mesa 801-F-3 . 4-22-2tpd

1916 FORD TOURING CAR—With two-in-one delivery body. Completely overhouled, $250. E. Rex Gorton, El Cajon. 3-25-tf

WANTED

PIGS—Wanted to buy young, thrifty pigs, 35 to 100 lbs. 9 cents at your ranch, any quantity. Address Edw. Horsch, Ramona, or phone Ramona 9-F-14. 3-4-5tf.

LAND—Alfalfa lands to lease. Address W. E. Breedlove, San Marcos, California. 4-22-3tpd

WORK—Carpenter work of all kinds. See W. H. Stewart, the village carpenter. Inquire at Journal office.

Lakeside Harness and Shoe Shop
Lakeside California
L. O. Gandyra, Prop.
Repairing promptly and satisfactorily done.
New work a specialty.

Tom Lamadrid
LAKESIDE, CALIF.
See Him for First Class
Blacksmithing

CALL
EL CAJON HARNESS SHOP
For
INTERNATIONAL POULTRY AND STOCK FOOD
Poultry Food, Silver Pine Liniment, Stock Food, Chicken Cholera Medicine, Roup Medicine, Lice Powder, Scale Leg Ointment, International Hog Tonic and International Worm Medicine. A full supply just received.
J. T. JOHNSTON
Opposite Post-Office.

Some Attractive Prices On Groceries
TO REDUCE STOCK BEFORE INVENTORY

2 Cans Alpine Milk	$ .25
2 Large Cans Tomatoes	.25
4 lbs. White Beans	.25
4 lbs. Good Jap Rice	.25
3 lbs. Fancy Head Rice	.25
I Can Glass Jar Brand Tomato Sauce	.05
1 pkg. Carnation Wheat Flakes Large	.33
1 pkg. Roll Oats, large	.33
Dry Onions, White or Brown, per lb	.02
1 Can Fancy Plums or Peaches, quarts	.25

LOOK FOR OUR BULLETIN BOARD IN THE STORE FOR BARGAINS EVERY DAY
Lakeside Store

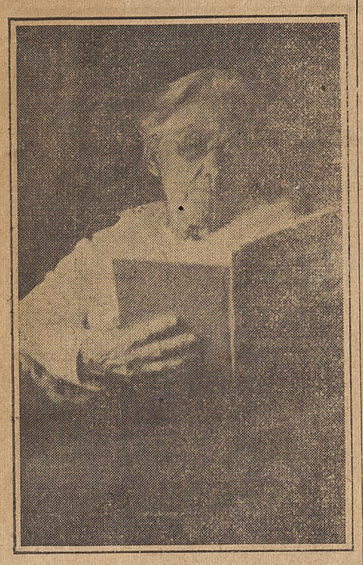
RIVERVIEW FARMS TRACTS
ANY SIZE YOU WANT
The place where WATER is developed ready to use.
We sell on easy terms and help you to build if you like.
WRITE OR ASK FOR PRICE LIST
You will find, considering that water is delivered in the street in front of the property, this is the cheapest land in San Diego County.
San Diego Farm and Mortgage Co.
617 E Street San Diego, California

Re-opened By Popular Demand
Lakeside Meat Market
HENRY PRAUSCHKE, Prop.
FRESH MEATS AT MODERATE PRICES
HOME-MADE SAUSAGE
SMOKED MEATS HOME-RENDERED LARD

ATTENTION, FOLKS!
We have the Agency for the famous McB. BRAND TOILET ARTICLES, combining the following list:

Mc B. Massage Cream.....50c	Mc B. Vanishing Cream....50c
Mc B. Dr. Camp's Hair Grower 50c	Mc B. Beauty Lake for skin and complexion 50c
Mc B. Cream of Lemon and Witch Hazel 50c	Mc B. American Beauty face powder, box.....50c

MORE TO COME LATER
MEYER'S CONFECTIONERY
DRINKS ALL 'ROUND JOHN HENRY MYER



MRS. MARTHA SWYCAFFER

The subject of this sketch is a resident of Lakeside. She is a plain, unassuming woman, like many other residents of Lakeside and San Diego county, but her age and length of residence in the county make her a most interesting character to the readers of this paper.

Mrs. Swycaffer has lived in San Diego county so long that a complete biographical sketch of her life would necessarily be a local history of the county.

She is the widow of Joseph Swycaffer, one of the first residents of San Diego, and for many years a rancher near Ballena.

Mr. Swycaffer was born in Maryland in 1820 and came to San Diego in 1850, making the trip around the horn with other U. S. troops who had enlisted for service in the Mexican war. The voyage in a sailing vessel from the Maryland coast to San Diego occupied about seven months. When they arrived the war had ended and Mr. Swycaffer in due time obtained his discharge and remained in the country.

Mrs. Swycaffer was born in Galveston, Texas, in 1840 and came to California overland in 1854, when she was but 14 years of age. The trip occupied about six months and was taken subject to the great perils of travel through the territory of savage Indian tribes. Mrs. Swycaffer's mother died when she was a child and she was reared by an elder sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Swycaffer were married in San Diego April 28, 1857, and she was the first American woman whose marriage is recorded in this county. Her marriage was the fourth one recorded in the county, but the three preceding ones were those of American men who married Spanish women. She therefore enjoys the distinction of being the first American woman to be married in this county.

The couple lived in San Diego until 1863 and then moved to the ranch near Ballena, twelve miles below Julian, which is now occupied by her eldest son, Jefferson Swycaffer. Mr. Swycaffer's death occurred in 1908, and she has since made her home with her children. She is now living with her daughter, Mrs. Beatrice Price of the Lindo hotel.

Mrs. Swycaffer was the mother of thirteen children. Two died in infancy and eleven grew to manhood and womanhood. Eight, four sons and four daughters, are still living. They are Mrs. Isabelle Doyle of the Diamond Ranch, about twenty miles from Los Angeles; Jefferson Swycaffer, who lives on the ranch near Ballena; Mrs. Joseph Foster, wife of County Supervisor Foster, who lives in the village bearing his name north of Lakeside; Mrs. Beatrice Price of the Lindo hotel in Lakeside; Mrs. Frances Corona of Houston, Texas; John Swycaffer, whose present address is unknown; Louis Swycaffer of Lakeside, and James Swycaffer of Honolulu. T. H.

There are now living twelve grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Swycaffer has a most retentive memory and it is exceedingly interesting to listen to her stories of the early times. There were then only a few hundred Americans in all this country besides the U. S. troops. One might travel from the coast to Yuma, Arizona, without meeting a white person. The feeling of hostility engendered by the Mexican war was intense and there was little security for life or property. Times were hard and the conveniences and luxuries of modern times were unknown.

The houses of those days had no furniture such as is found in those of today. Tables and chairs were practically unknown. The Mexican style of living prevailed. An idea of the kind of houses of the day may be had by examining the old adobe mission building at Old Town now.

The lands were held in vast tracts by Mexican owners and they lived in idleness and luxury if the conveniences of those days may properly be called luxuries. The people were thriftless, indifferent and generally lazy, existing upon the products of the soil which came by reason of nature's bounty and the work of Indians who were held in a condition of bondage far more cruel and unjust than the slavery in which the negroes of the south were held.

Nothing was then known of the modern food products with which the tables of today are supplied. Even butter was scarce and of a poor quality. This was a cattle country with almost countless herds throughout the hills and valleys, but the owners were too indolent to milk the cows and allowed the milk product to go to waste or to be used as nature provided for the sustenance of the young cattle. The butter that was obtained was imported and was generally spoiled when it arrived. There was no such thing as canned fruit then, the only fruit obtainable being dried. Meat was obtainable in abundance and cheaply, as that was before the days of the packing houses and the meat trust.

After the outbreak of the civil war the country was almost deserted and it looked as if California's sun had set. However, with the end of the war there was a revival, and about the year 1869 came what was known as the Horton boom, when San Diego was placed on the map. Then was built the old Horton house which stood on the site of the present Grant hotel. It was a brick structure of two and a half stories. Mrs. Swycaffer witnessed the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of that building and she also witnessed the removal of the building to make room for the new Grant, which was about the year 1904.

Mrs. Swycaffer spent most of her married life as the wife of a rancher near Ballena and there eight of her children were born. She did not follow the indolent and wasteful methods of the early Mexican settlers and had her cows and an abundance of milk and butter. Life on the ranch in those days was by no means idle and easy. The work was hard and responsibilities great, but she enjoyed it because of its usefulness and hers was the joy of achievement. She is an old-fashioned woman who gave of herself, who poured out her life for the benefit of humanity, and whose reward was in giving rather in receiving.

She is still active, works much in the garden and keeps the flowers growing in the yard of the Lindo hotel. She retains an active interest in the events of the days, reads the newspapers, magazines and books, and makes interesting comments in comparing the things of today with those of the days when California was new. She is one of Lakeside's noted and most interesting characters, and it is an honor as well as a pleasure to be enumerated among her friends.

NEW FEATURES IN CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM

From the Ramona Sentinel.

Thursday evening of last week Miss Ruth Cowan, one of the directors of the Ellison-White Co. which is to hold a Chautauqua in Ramona May 14 to 17, met with the local committee to make final arrangements for the coming entertainment. The meeting was held at the library room at 7:30 and was well attended by the members here.

Miss Cowan was delighted with the progress already made. She found that the committee had organized and had the preliminary work well under way. The advertising matter has been distributed and copies of the complete program are to be obtained at all the stores in town. It will be found well worth while for every resident of Ramona and vicinity to get a copy of this program and give it careful inspection, for it proves that the entertainment to be given will have many new features and be really very entertaining and instructive. The program itself is published in an advertisement in the Sentinel this week, but the circular in which it is printed or distribution contains besides much descriptive matted with portraits of the artists who are to appear, and will be found most interesting.

The Chautauqua this year is going to be better than ever and every resident of this valley should be sure to get a season ticket.

The most wonderful thing about the tree of liberty is the amount of grafting it is able to survive.—Columbia Record.

Germany is undoubtedly willing to pay its debt to the Allies if permitted to name the amount of the debt.—Roanoke Times.

It's so hard to make the immigrants go to the farms because most of them have already been there.—Washington Post.

One reason the country is short of homes is that too much money has been put into the cellars.—Washington Post.

It is getting to be impossible to tell the seasons by the weather.—New York Evening Mail.

The portion of a law usually found unconstitutional is the teeth.—Canton Repository.

Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

LAYING OF CEMENT ON HIGHWAY TO BEGIN SOON

(Continued from page one.)

big machine going.

Mr. Livingstone says the capacity of the mixer is more than 700 feet per day, but he does not expect to work as fast as that. According to the plans the average amount laid daily will be 500 feet, but there will be days when considerably more than 700 feet will be laid. Making due allowance for all delays, Mr. Livingstone expects to have the contracts fully completed and be clear otu of the country by the end of October.

The sand for the mixer is already being taken from the bed of the Santa Ysabel river about a mile below Santa Ysabel. The crushed rock will come from the rock crusher that has been built near the highway about three miles from Santa Ysabel, and the cement is already being carried by truck from Escondido, passing through Ramona. It comes from Riverside.

To house this cement while being used two large temporary warehouses have been built, one about a mile from Santa Ysabel and the other farther west. Also a camp has been established with eight or ten tents and a cook house for the boarding of men. The iron pipe necessary for supplying the water for the mixer has already been laid for some distance from the starting point at Santa Ysabel and the work of laying the wooden forms or frames for the sides of the roadway had been done for some distance Wednesday.

For the next two or three weeks it will not be necessary to close this road to general travel, as a detour for the use of all has been provided nearly two miles from Santa Ysabel, but after that time the road will be wholly closed and all travel will be diverted around by Mesa Grande. This will lengthen the distance between Ramona and Santa Ysabel five miles, according to Mr. Livingstone's statement.

A detour road has been provided for the use of the mail cars and the trucks hauling the construction material, but not for the general public. There are some seventeen gates to open and close in using this detour road and the owners of the ranches will hardly consent to trust the general public to keep them closed. Also the annoyance and inconvenience to both the public and the workmen would be considerable if the road were open to general traffic.

After the work on this six-mile stretch between Ramona and Santa Ysabel is completed the [illegible] mile stretch between Wynola and Julian will be commenced. This will require the absolute closing of that road to general traffic, as it is impossible to provide detour roads through the mountain passes. However, it is thought that the county road now in process of construction around to the northward will be completed by that time, and if so travelers can get into Julian by that route.

The county highway construction here is like that in all other parts of the county. The concrete roadway is 18 feet wide and five inches deep and is laid in the modern way and packed with the mechanical tamper, making a more level road and smoother surface than was made when the state highway was constructed.

A CRUEL JOKE

Emporia Gazette.

"We are prepared," said a resolution adopted by the stockholders, "to accept, regardless of the sacrifices necessary thereto, whatever losses may be sustained in maintaining the right of each American citizen to enter into his individual contract should such be his desire, without hindrance from any other human being."

What a joke. Here are 50,000 organized stockholders of the steel trust, each snugly protected in his bargaining power with the laboring man by the greatest combination of capital on earth. This combination of capital owns the mills; owns the towns where the mills are run; owns the houses in the towns wherein the single unorganized worker lives; owns the stores as well as the houses; owns the banks and the sources of credit where this "individual American citizen" lives; owns the politics of the town and the state where this independent American citizen lives. And then they say stand up in your pride, you independent American citizen—one man at a time and bargain with us organized as employers, as landlords, as grocers, as bankers, as government. You shall be protected in your royal American right to make the best individual bargain you can with us.

Is it ignorance or class malice that makes such a sentiment as that go by with the middle class American? If ever there was a conspiracy to put American laboring men into serfdom it is the so-called open shop. Yet people who look and sometimes talk like sensible people, gabble about the open shop as if it were not the cowardly subterfuge to oppose labor that it really is.

Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

RAMONA ITEMS

From the Ramona Sentinel.

Latest reports from Edwin Taylor, who has been critically ill for several days, are to the effect that he is beginning to improve. His sister from San Francisco arrived Tuesday night to be with him.

J. A. Haworth's pump house caught fire and was nearly destroyed Wednesday morning. The building was considerably damaged and hard work was required to save the pump and other machinery.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Throckmorton and son, who came here from Ohio to spend the winter, expect to start for Colorado Springs next Saturday. They will make the trip in a car with Mr. and Mrs. Darling of San Diego, who are going to Missouri.

Miss Pauline Seay went to San Diego Saturday with Miss Mansur and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mansur, to attend the flower show in Balboa Park. They took down the wild flowers from the school here that the pupils had gathered for the exhibit.

Mrs. S. R. McElroy of Ramona, who is now visiting in the east, writes that she celebrated her 84th birthday on the 15th of April with a large party of relatives and old friends. She has endured some winter weather since arriving in Kansas City, Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Thorn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thorn and Mr. Morris, father of Mrs. Frank Thorn, all of Long Beach, came up from San Diego, where they have been camping for some time, to spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Throckmorton. Mr. Thorn and Mr. Throckmorton were friends years ago in Indiana.

The meeting of the directors of the Improvement Association at the library room Monday evening was attended by only four members and was postponed until another date to be named later. The announcement will be made in a few days. O. B. Wetzell was instructed in the mean time to obtain all possible information as to the probable cost of such advertising matter as is contemplated and report the result of his investigations.

C. R. Turner, deputy county assessor, was in Ramona Thursday of last week and appointed J. C. Bargar as assessor for Ramona and vicinity to do the work if Judge Kelly, the regularly appointed assessor, is unable to do it by reason of his illness. J. C. Ferguson, assessor for the outlying districts, may also help. Mr. Bargar is an experienced man in the assessing business, as he was the assessor of this district for many years when it comprised all the territory from here to the Colorado river.

Mrs. Kathleen Gray Nelson left Tuesday afternoon for New York with the expectation of spending the summer in the east and returning next fall. Mrs. Nelson first came to Ramona from Pine Hills in Ocotober, 1919, intending to stay a week or two on trial. The result was that she has been a guest at the Kenilworth Inn ever since except during brief intervals when away on visits. She has purchased and furnished a cottage here and is making the village her permanent home. Her home was originally in New Orleans. She has been engaged in literary pursuits in many cities and was for a time engaged as a special writer for the New York World. She has traveled extensively and is well known in literary circles throughout the country. Her return to Ramona will be most welcome to a host of friends who have formed an acquaintance since her residence here.

James W. Long, federal appraiser for farm loans in Southern California, has been here several days this week to inspect and appraise lands upon which applications for loans have been made. Mr. Long says the whole plan of government loans to farmers on long time, at a low rate of interest and on the amortization plan, is in its infancy. It has but recently been released by a supreme court decision from a hold-up by the interests opposed to it, and therefore the people charged with its administration are behind with their work. How far the general plan of government loans to private individuals will go he does not pretend to say, but admits that if it works well as applied to land loans it may be extended to include loans on buildings and even personal property. He says he sees no reason why it could not be thus extended under proper management. Mr. Long was accompanied in his travels in this locality by W. A. Van Loon of Ramona.

Profiteering in coal is rare, says a trade journal. And also raw.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

What Charles thought was a recall turned out to be a recoil.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

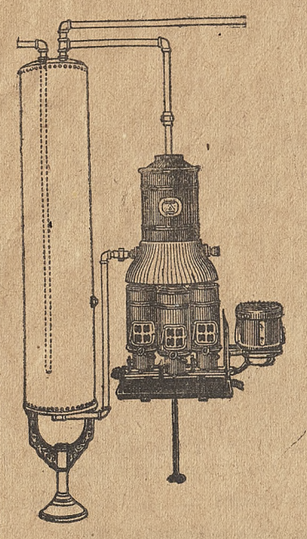
Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

Lakeside Lumber Yard

(BUILDING SUPPLIES & HARDWARE)

TRUCK DELIVERY PHONE, EL CAJON 354



NOT A BIT LIKE THE OLD-FASHIONED SATURDAY NIGHT TUB

Did you ever climb into the big tub beside the kitchen range on Saturday night? I you did and know the discomfort of the oldfashioned tub, you will be delighted with the abundant supply of steaming hot water made possible by the installation of the three-burner New Perfection kerosene burning water heater.

It completely solves your hot water problem for bath, kitchen and laundry. On about one cent's worth of oil, the heater produces enough hot water for a bath in twenty minutes. Hot water for kitchen purposes is available in about seven minutes.

Keep your kitchen cool with a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove.

Both on display in our store.

P. S. Flooring has again dropped in price.

SEE

H. S. KIBBEY, LAKESIDE CALIFORNIA

Authorized Ford Service

UNITED STATES AND SAVAGE TIRES

REPAIRS AND SUPPLIES

Lakeside Garage

A. L. Ballantyne, Prop. Phone El Cajon 352-2B.

"A Little Less at Rumsey's"

New Prices:

36-inch Percale, yd.	25c
27-inch Gingham, yd.	23c
Toile De Nord Gingham, yd.	30c
Cretonnes, yd	25c
Indian Head, 33-inch, yd.	25c
36-inch Cambric, yd.	25c
220-weight Denim, yd.	33c
A. C. A. Ticking	40c
Women's Lisle Hose, black or white	25c
Women's Brown Hose	15c
Women's Hemstitched handkerchiefs	10c

John B. Rumsey

LAKESIDE

HOTEL SCHNEIDER

MARKET AT 8TH STREET

ALL OUTSIDE, SUNNY ROOMS

Hot and Cold Water, and Steam Heat, in Every Room

Rates—$1.00 per Day and Up

CALLING CARDS Printed or Engraved At This Office

Eugene Mathewson, M. D.

Bostonia, California.

Hours By Appointment

Phone 392

See GRISETTI

About

AUTO PAINTING

Fords Enameled From $10

All Work Guaranteed

Roosevelt Garage

Euclid and El Cajon Blvd.

East San Diego

No Need to Stay in the Kitchen
If You Have an Electric Range With Oven Heat Control

Think of the pleasure of cooking meals without the necessity of constantly standing guard over the pots. Think of the freedom that would be yours—the time you would have for calling—shopping—reading and other recreation.

You can have this freedom if your Electric Range is equipped with an Oven Regulator. This modern device keeps the heat always at the right temperature.

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Eastward	* AM	* AM	† PM	* PM	* PM	* PM	Sat. only a PM	Sat. only c PM
Foot of B St.	7:20	10:30	12:25	2:30	5:20	6:15	9:20	11:00
Broadway	7:25	10:35	12:30	2:35	5:25	6:20	9:25	11:05
Thirteenth St.	7:34	10:44	12:39	2:44	5:34	6:29	9:34	11:14
Encanto	7:52	11:02	12:57	3:02	5:52	6:47	9:52	11:32
Lemon Grove	8:02	11:12	1:07	3:12	6:02	6:57	10:02	11:42
La Mesa	8:10	11:20	1:15	3:20	6:10	7:05	10:10	11:50
El Cajon	8:22			3:32		7:17	10:22	12:02
Santee	8:31			3:41		7:26	10:31	12:11
Riverview (school)	8:35							
Lakeside	8:40			3:50		7:35	10:40	12:20

Westward	* AM	* AM	* AM	† PM	* PM	* PM	* PM
Lakeside	6:45	8:55			4:00		7:50
Riverview (school)					4:02		
Santee	6:52	9:05			4:08		8:00
El Cajon	7:01	9:14			4:17		8:09
La Mesa	7:14	9:30	11:30	1:30	4:30	6:15	8:25
Lemon Grove	7:21	9:37	11:37	1:37	4:37	6:23	8:32
Encanto	7:28	9:45	11:45	1:45	4:44	6:31	8:40
Thirteenth St.	7:43	10:03	12:03	2:03	5:00	6:48	8:58
Broadway	7:50	10:10	12:10	2:10	5:07	6:55	9:05
Foot of B St.	7:55	10:15	12:15	2:15	5:10	7:00	9:10

* Daily † Daily except Sunday c Saturday only a Daily except Saturday
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LET'S GO TO WORK

From Country Gentleman.

We have tried everything else in the calendar as a relief from the consequences of war; now suppose we try work a while—not the nominal service that characterizes much professional labor, but old-fashioned, honest-to-goodness w-o-r-k—work that tries to see how much, not how little, it can accomplish between daylight and dark.

The argument against this kind of work has always been that it would get all the jobs done too soon and a lay-off would follow. Hence the way always to have jobs was to keep down the results of labor. That is the reason for cutting the painter's brush down to four inches—at last accounts to three and a half inches.

But we have found that in the long run the reduction of the output per man in mill and factory to forty or fifty per cent of the normal so holds up the cost of goods and other results of labor as finally to drive away the purchaser and discourage the investor, and thus shops and other places of employment are forced to close because too little is produced.

After all, is it likely that we shall ever have too much of the goods that feed us and make us comfortable? We may have temporarily too much of this or that particular thing, but as a general proposition it is not likely that we shall, as a people, have too much to enjoy, and for this reason no sane man will cut down production in order to keep his job. It will work the other way, for cutting down production makes every dollar that is earned worth less in exact proportion as production is reduced below a reasonable normal.

Looked at in the large and on general principles, every man must produce whatever he expects to enjoy or consume. That is to say, he must build his house, dig the coal to heat it and make the furniture to fill it. He must grow the crops for his own food. He must produce the cotton and the wool for his clothing, his curtains and his carpets, then spin and weave them into suitable fabrics. He must do all these things or else "change works" with men who are doing them.

If he is to have an automobile he must build it; if he cannot do that he must do something else for someone who can build it. He must pump and refine his own oil or do the equivalent in some other form.

Now, if every man must build his own house or its equivalent, produce his own food and clothing, build his own automobile or piano and write and print his own books, he is going to be an exceedingly busy man. He will have a lot of things to do at once when he first starts out, and if society happens to be so organized that he can come into possession of all these things quickly and "pay off" afterward, and if he can exchange what he can do for what he cannot do, he is an exceedingly lucky man, though he will have no time for loafing on the job.

There is no way of beating the principle that he must actually render value received for what he gets unless he chances to belong to the begging or the stealing fraternity. Even this has its limitations, because society cannot support very many beggars or very many thieves.

If every man were actually obliged to build his own house, grow his own food, produce his own clothing, make his own automobile, invent his own amusement, gather his own news—in other words, take care of himself by unorganized and first-hand processes—how like beavers we all would work to get the crops planted and cultivated in season, to get the house "up and inclosed before bad weather," and to do the thousand and one things necessary to comfortable existence. That is why the farmer is our best worker.

It is not a whit different when we work for money. The principle is the same—the world will have only what it produces, and the cost thereof and what the individuals can have will depend wholly upon what individuals are willing and able to produce. The sooner we all come to realize the full meaning of this fact the better it will be for everybody.

Every man who strikes, strikes against himself. He refuses to build himself a house. He declines to raise good food. He declares against a well-covered back and warm fingers. He makes war upon his own comfort and pleasure. He disturbs society somewhat, but mostly he fights himself. Wherefore let us stop striking and go to work. The farmer with his industry and courage leads the way.

Our opinion of "experts" hasn't been changed by the fact that Germany wishes to submit the matter of indemnity payments to them—Washington Herald.

Farmers complain that at the present price of hides a carcass isn't worth skinning. The shoe men still hold that the public is, however.—Fresno Republican.

An Austrian archduke is now in vaudeville. Well, this may be an advance upon his former position in burlesque.—Columbia State.

BIG BRAINS GONE WRONG

It is a generally accepted theory that brains and money are closely identified. Men who have much money are supposed also to have much brains. The possession of the money is evience of their superiority in brain power. Many times daily one hears mention made of the "big brains" of the millionaires, and the assumption that the possession of wealth is prima facie evidence, and the only evidence necessary, of the possession of superior brains is so general that it is rarely questioned.

In view of this it is interesting to recall two men of "big brains" who have figured in the newspapers within the last few weeks.

One, an "oil king" of Ardmore, Oklahoma, was a man with great brains. We know this because he had fifteen million dollars. The mere fact of the possession of so much money was sufficient to prove the greatness and bigness of his brains without reference to how he got it, but in this particular case his claim to brains rested on a surer foundation than mere possession. He made his fifteen millions himself, by means of his own shrewdness and business ability. Therefore there can be no question about his brains.

But his big brains didn't help him to be decent. He lived a life of ruthlessness and selfishness. A man over 40 years of age, and with a wife and family, he became a lecherous scoundrel and made prey of a girl in her teens. And at the end of a long career of ruthlessness and selfishness that would make the average hog seem like a benevolent character by comparison, he died by violence at the hand of the woman he had wronged.

She was tried for his murder, but the verdict rendered by the trial jury was simply the formal and legal decision that had been reached by the average sensible man and woman of this country who had read about the case. It was, in substance, that the oil king got only what was coming to him; that he ought to have been killed many years ago, and that the world was better for his having left it.

Another man who we know had big brains because he had had many millions of dollars ended his life at Hollywood a week or two ago by blowing them out with a shotgun. The final use he made of his big brains was to spatter them on the walls of a bedroom. According to his evident theory of living in this world there was nothing else to do after he had got it.

His father was a "king," the newspapers said, because he had made many millions in the organization and management of the beef trust, and he made his son, who must have been a "prince," general manager of the Kansas City branch of that huge business, not because he was fit for the job, but just because he was a "prince," the son of a "king."

But it did no good. The story of the life of the prince is one of disgrace, turmoil and scandal. He was the principal in an affair some fifteen years ago that was so horrible and barbarous that it startled and shocked the civilized world. He failed utterly in the biggest job of all, to be useful and happy in this world of ours, and to meet the ordinary moral obligations of organized society, and when he passed out by violence there were no long obituary articles in the newspapers and his remains did not lie in state to be viewed by thousands of sorrowing admirers.

Isn't it time to cease repetition of that senseless chatter about brains and money? What we should mean when we talk of brains is wisdom and common sense, the ability and inclination to live decent and orderly lives, having respect for the rights of our fellow men and ameliorating the asperities and injustices of the world by the practice of the Golden Rule as far as it is practicable in this selfish world. The man who does that, the average, decent, sensible man who bears an honest name and walks humbly and righteously in the sight of God and men, is the wisest man, no matter whether he has millions or works for wages.

FARM FEDERATION ANNOUNCES PROGRAM

Washington, April 23.—Repeal of the guaranty section of the transportation act, reduction in railroad rates, equal protection for agriculture under the tariff and adequate credit facilities for agriculture was announced today as the legislative program which the American Farm Bureau federation will recommend to congress as an aid to farmers. The program was formulated by the executive committee of the federation after a two weeks' conference here.

Strong opposition was expressed to any sales tax, to repeal of the excess profits tax and to any tariff on lumber and fertilizer. Another recommendation proposed the submission of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the issuing of all tax free securities, as "more than $16,000,000,000 in securities is now escaping federal taxes."

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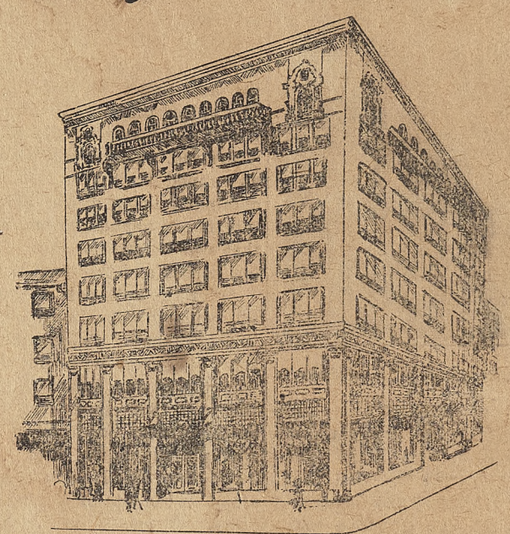

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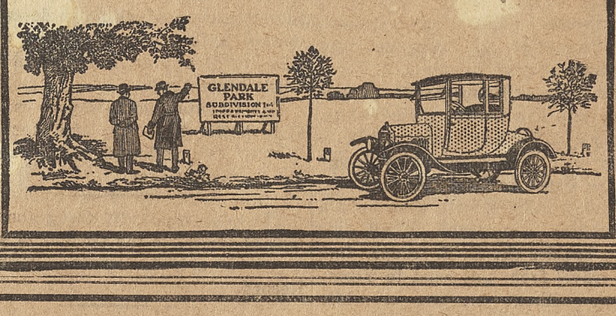

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PHARAOH'S PHARMACIST

The curator of the museum was classifying Egyptian curios. He observed a perplexed expression on the face of his young assistant.

"What seems to be the matter, Jones?" he asked. "Is there anything you don't understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered the helper. "Here is a papyrus on which the characters are so badly traced that they are indecipherable. How shall I classify it?"

"Let me see," said the curator, examining the piece. "Just call it a doctor's prescription in the time of Pharaoh."

Hungary evidently realizes that she can't be cured by an heir of the dog that bit her.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

The Wreckers

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmie Dodds, are marooned at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae, and her small cousin. Unseen, they witness a peculiar train holdup, in which a special car is carried off.

CHAPTER II.—Norcross recognizes the car stolen as John Chadwick's, financial magnate, whom he was to meet at Portal City. He and Dodds rescue Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the managership of the Pioneer Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by Breckenridge Dunton, president of the line. Norcross, learning that Sheila Macrae is stopping at Portal City, accepts.

CHAPTER III.—Dodds overhears conversation between Rufus Hatch and Gustave Henckel, Portal City financiers, in which they admit complicity in Chadwick kidnaping, their object being to keep Chadwick from attending a meeting of directors to reorganize the Pioneer Short Line, which would jeopardize their interests.

CHAPTER IV.—To curb the monopoly controlled by Hatch and Henckel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms the Citizens' Storage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in Sheila Macrae. Dodds learns that Sheila is married, but living apart from her husband. Norcross does not know this.

While I was still sweating under the big load Maisie Ann had dumped upon me, the night dispatcher's boy came in with a message. It was from Mr. Chadwick, and I read it with my eyes bulging out. This is what it said:

"To G. Norcross, G. M.,

"Portal City.

"P. S. L. Common dropped to thirty-four today, and banks lending on short time notes for betterment fund are getting nervous. Wire from New York says bondholders are stirring and talking receivership. General opinion in financial circles leans to idea that new policy is foregone failure. Are you still sure you can make it win?

"Chadwick."

Right on the heels of this, and before I could get my breath, in came the boy again with another telegram. It was a hot wire from President Dunton, one of a series that he had been shooting in ever since Mr. Norcross had taken hold and begun firing the cousins and nephews.

"To G. Norcross, G. M.,

"Portal City. RUSH.

"See stock quotations for today. Your policy is a failure. Am advised you are now fighting Red Tower. Stop it immediately and assure Mr. Hatch that we are friendly, as we have always been. If something cannot be done to lift securities to better figure, your resignation will be in order.

"Dunton."

They say that misfortunes never come singly. Here were two new griefs hurling themselves in over the wires all in the same quarter-hour, besides the one I had up my sleeve. But there was no use dallying. It was up to me to find the boss as quickly as I could and have the three-cornered surgical operation over with. I knew the telegrams wouldn't kill him—or I thought they wouldn't. I thought they'd probably make him take a fresh strangle hold on things and be fired—if he had to be fired—fighting it out grimly on his own line. But I wasn't so sure about the Mrs. Sheila business. That was a horse of another color.

I had just reached for my hat and was getting ready to snap the electrics off when I heard footsteps in the outer office. When I looked up, a stocky, hard-faced man in a derby hat and a short overcoat was standing in the doorway and scowling across at me.

It was Mr. Rufus Hatch, and I had a notion that the hot end of his black cigar glared at me like a baleful red eye when he came in and sat down.

CHAPTER V

And Satan Came Also

"I saw your office lights from the street," was the way the Red Tower president began on me, and his voice took me straight back to the Oregon woods and a lumber camp where the saw-filers were at work. "Where is Mr. Norcross?"

I told him that Mr. Norcross was up-town, and that I didn't suppose he would come back to the office again that night, now that it was so late.

"My name is Hatch, of the Red Tower company," he grated, after a minute or two. "You're the one they call Dodds, aren't you?"

I admitted it, and he went on.

"Norcross brought you here with him from the West, didn't he? What pay are you getting here?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to cuss him out right there and then and tell him it was none of his business. But the second thought (which isn't always as good as it's said to be) whispered to me to lead him on and see how far he would go. So I told him the figures of my pay check.

"I'm needing another shorthand man, and I can afford to pay a good bit more than that," he growled. "They tell me you are well up at the top in your trade. Are you open to an offer?"

I let him have it straight then. "Not from you," I said.

"And why not from me?"

Here was where I made my first bad break. All of a sudden I got so angry at the thought that he was actually trying to buy me that I couldn't see anything but red, and I blurted out, "Because I don't hire out to work for any strong-arm outfit—not if I know it!"

For a little while he sat blinking at me from under his bushy eyebrows, and his hard mouth was drawn into a straight line with a mean little wrinkle coming and going at the corners of it.

When he got ready to speak again he said, "You're only a boy. You want to get on in the world, don't you? I'm offering you a good chance: the best you ever had. You don't owe Norcross anything more than your job, do you?"

"Maybe not."

"That's better. Put on your hat and come along with me. I want to show you what I can do for you in a better field than railroading ever was, or ever will be. It'll pay you—" and he named a figure that very nearly made me fall dead out of my chair.

Of course, it was all plain enough. The boss had him on the hip with that kidnaping business, with me for a witness. And he was trying to fix the witness.

"I guess we needn't beat about the bushes any longer, Mr. Hatch," I said, bracing up to him. "I haven't told the sheriff, or anybody but Mr. Norcross, what I know about a certain little train hold-up that happened a few weeks ago down at Sand Creek siding; but that isn't saying that I'm not going to."

If I had had the sense of a field mouse, I might have known that I was no match for such a man; but I lacked the sense—lacked it good and hard.

"You're like your boss," he said shortly. "You'd go a long distance out of your way to make an enemy when there is no need of it. That hold-up business was a joke, from start to finish. I don't know how you and Norcross came to get in on it; the joke was meant to be on John Chadwick. The night before, at a little dinner we were giving him at the railroad club, he said there never was a railroad hold-up that couldn't have been stood off. A few of us got together afterward and put up a job on him; sent him over to Strathcona and arranged to have him held up on the way back."

"Mr. Chadwick didn't take it as a joke!" I retorted.

"I know he didn't; and that's why we're all anxious now to dig a hole and bury the thing decently. Perhaps we had all been taking a drop too much at the club dinner that night."

At that I swelled up man-size and kicked the whole kettle of fat into the fire.

"Of course, it was a joke!" I ripped out. "And your coming here tonight to try to hire me away from Mr. Norcross is another. The woods are full of good shorthand men, Mr. Hatch, but for the present I think I shall stay right where I am—where a court subpoena can find me when I'm wanted."

"That's all nonsense, and you know it—if you're not too much of a kid to know anything," he snapped, shooting out his heavy jaw at me. "I merely wanted to give you a chance to get rid of the railroad collar, if you felt like it. I like a fighting man; and you've got nerve. Take a night and sleep on it. Maybe you'll think differently in the morning."

Here was another chance for me to get off with a whole skin, but by this time I was completely lost to any sober weighing and measuring of the possible consequences. Leaning across the desk end I gave him a final shot, just as he was getting up to go.

"Listen, Mr. Hatch," I said. "You haven't fooled me for a single minute. Your guess is right; I heard every word that passed between you and Mr. Henckel that Monday morning in the Bullard lobby. As I say, I haven't told anybody yet but Mr. Norcross; but if you go to making trouble for him and the railroad company, I'll go into court and swear to what I know!"

He was half-way out of the door when I got through, and he never made any sign that he heard what I said. After he was gone I began to sense, just a little, how big a fool I had made of myself. But I was still mad clear through at the idea that he had taken me for the other kind of a fool—the kind that wouldn't know enough to be sure that the president of a big corporation wouldn't get down to tampering with a common clerk unless there was some big thing to be stood off by it.

Stewing and sizzling over it, I puttered around with the papers on my desk for quite a little while before I remembered the two telegrams, and the fact that I'd have to go and stick the three-bladed knife into Mr. Norcross. When I did remember, I shoved the messages into my pocket, flicked off the lights and started to go up-town and hunt for the boss.

After closing the outer door of the office I don't recall anything particular except that I felt my way down the headquarters stair in the dark and groped across the lower hall to the outside door that served for the staircase entrance from the street. When I had felt around and found the brass knob, something happened, I didn't know just what. In the tiny little fraction of a second that I had left, as you might say, between the hearse

Everything Went Blank.

and the grave, I had a vague notion that the door was falling over on me and mashing me flat; and after that, everything went blank.

When I came to life out of what seemed like an endless succession of bad dreams it was broad daylight and the sun was shining brightly through some filmy kind of curtain stuff in a big window that looked out toward the west. I was in bed, the room was strange, and my right hand was wrapped up in a lot of cotton and bandaged.

I hadn't more than made the first restless move before I saw a sort of pie-faced woman in a nurse's cap and apron start to get up from where she was sitting by the window. Before she could come over to the bed, somebody opened a door and tip-toed in ahead of nursey. I had to blink hard two or three times before I could really make up my mind that the tip-toer was Maisie Ann. She looked as if she might be the nurse's understudy. She had a nifty little lace cap on her thick mop of hair, and I guess her apron was meant to be nursey too, only it was frilled and tucked to a fare-you-well.

"You poor, poor boy!" she cooed, patting my pillow just like my grandmother used to when I was a little kid and had the mumps or the measles. "Are you still roaming around in the Oregon woods?"

That brought my dream, or one of them, back; the one about wandering around in a forest of Douglas fir and having to jump and dodge to keep the big trees from falling on me and smashing me.

"No more woods for mine," I said, sort of feebly. And then: "Where am I?"

"You are in bed in the spare room at Cousin Basil's. They wanted to take you to the railroad hospital that night, but when they telephoned up here to try to find Mr. Norcross, Cousin Basil went right down and brought you home with him in the ambulance."

"'That night,' you say?" I parroted. "It was last night that the door fell on me, wasn't it?"

"I don't know anything about a door, but the night that they found you all burnt and crippled, lying at the foot of your office stairs, was three days ago. You have been out of your head nearly all the time ever since."

"Burnt and crippled? What happened to me, Maisie Ann?"

"Nobody knows; not even the doctors. We've been hoping that some day you'd be able to tell us. Can't you tell me now, Jimmie?"

I told her all there was to tell, mumbling around among the words the best I could. Then she told me how the headquarters watchman had found me about midnight; with my right hand scorched black and the rest of me apparently dead and ready to be buried. The ambulance surgeon had insisted, and was still insisting, that I had been handling a live wire; but there were no wires at all in the lower hall, and nothing stronger than an incandescent light current in the entire office building.

"And you say I've been here hanging on by my eyelashes for three days? What has been going on in all that time, Maisie Ann? Hasn't anybody been here to see me?"

She gave a little nod. "Everybody, nearly. Mr. Van Britt has been up every day, and sometimes twice a day. He has been awfully anxious for you to come alive."

"But Mr. Norcross?" I queried. "Hasn't he been up?"

She shook her head and turned her face away, and she was looking straight out of the window at the setting sun when she asked, "When was the last time you saw Mr. Norcross, Jimmie?"

I choked a little over a big scare that seemed to rush up out of the bed-clothes to smother me. But I made out to answer her question, telling her how Mr. Norcross had left the office maybe half an hour or so before I did, that night, going up-town with Mr. Ripley. Then I asked her why she wanted to know.

"Because nobody has seen him since a little later that same night," she said, saying it very softly and without turning her head. And then: "Mr. Van Britt found a letter from Mr. Norcross on his desk the next morning. It was just a little typewritten note, on a Hotel Bullard letter sheet, saying that he had made up his mind that the Pioneer Short Line wasn't worth fighting for, and that he was resigning and taking the midnight train for the East."

I sat straight up in bed; I should have had to do it if both arms had been burnt to a crisp clear to the shoulders.

"Resigned?—gave up and ran away? I don't believe that for a single minute, Maisie Ann!" I burst out.

She was shaking her head again, still without turning her face so that I could see it.

"I—I'm afraid it's all true, Jimmie. There were two telegrams that came to Mr. Norcross the night he went away; one from Mr. Chadwick and the other from Mr. Dunton. I heard Mr. Van Britt telling Cousin Sheila what the messages were. He'd seen the copies of them that they keep in the telegraph office."

It was on my tongue's end to say that Mr. Norcross never had seen those two telegrams, because I had them in my pocket and was on my way to deliver them when I got shot; but I didn't. Instead, I said: "And you think that was why Mr. Norcross threw up his hands and ran away?"

"No; I don't think anything of the sort. I know what it was, and you know what it was," and at that she turned around and pushed me gently down among the pillows.

"What was it?" I whispered, more than half afraid that I was going to hear a confirmation of my own breath-taking conviction. And I heard it, all right.

"It was what I was telling you about, that same evening, you remember—down in the hall when you brought the flowers for Cousin Sheila. You told him what I told you, didn't you?"

"No; I didn't have a chance—not any real chance."

"Then somebody else told him, Jimmie; and that is the reason he has resigned and gone away. Mr. Van Britt thinks it was on account of the two messages from Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Dunton, and that is why he wants to talk to you about it. But you know, and I know, Jimmie, dear; and for Cousin Sheila's sake and Mr. Norcross', we must never lisp it to a human soul. A new general manager has been appointed, and he is on his way out here from New York. Everything has gone to pieces on the railroad, and all of Mr. Norcross' friends are getting ready to resign. Isn't it perfectly heart-breaking?"

It was; it was so heart-breaking that I just gasped once or twice and went off the hooks again, with Maisie Ann's frightened little shriek ringing in my ears as she tried to hold me back from slipping over the edge.

CHAPTER VI

What Every Man Knows——

I wasn't gone very long on this second excursion into the woozy-woozies, though it was night-time, and the shaded electric light was turned on when I opened my eyes and found Mrs. Sheila sitting by the bedside. The change in Mrs. Sheila sort of made me gasp. She wasn't any less pretty as she sat there with her hands clasped in her lap, but she was different; sober, and with the laugh all gone out of the big gray eyes, and a look in them as if she had suddenly become so wise that nobody could ever fool her.

"You are feeling better now?" she asked, when she found me staring at her.

I told her I guessed I was, but that my hand hurt me some.

"You have had a great shock of some kind—besides the burn, Jimmie," she rejoined, folding up the bed covers so that the bandaged hand would rest easier. "The doctors are all puzzled. Does your head feel quite clear now—so that you can think?"

"It feels as if I had a crazy clock in it," I said. "But the thinking part is all right. Have you heard anything from Mr. Norcross yet?"

"Not a word. We have been hoping that you could tell us something when you should recover sufficiently to talk. Can't you, Jimmie?"

Remembering what Maisie Ann had told me just before I went off the hooks, I thought I might tell her a lot if I dared to. But that wouldn't do. So I just said:

"I told Maisie Ann all I knew about Mr. Norcross. He left the office some little time before I did—with Mr. Ripley. I didn't know where they were going."

"They went to the hotel," she helped out. "Mr. Ripley says they sat in the lobby until after ten o'clock, and then Mr. Norcross went up to his rooms."

Of course, I knew that Mr. Ripley knew all about the Hatch ruction; but if he hadn't told her, I wasn't going to tell her.

"There was some trouble in connection with Mr. Hatch that evening, wasn't there?" she asked.

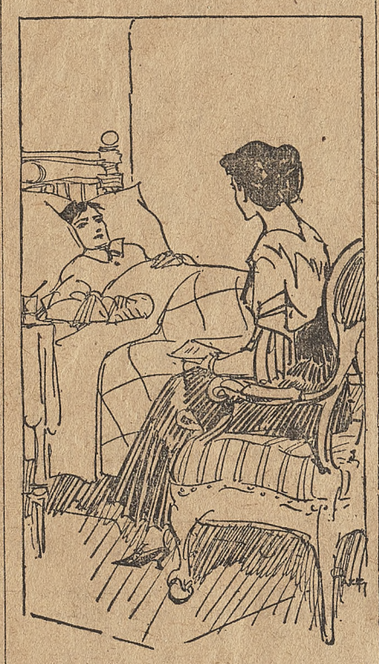
"Hatch had some trouble—yes. But I guess the boss didn't have any," I replied.

"Tell me about it," she commanded; and I told her just as little as I could; how Hatch had had an interview with the boss earlier in the evening, while I was away.

"It wasn't a quarrel?" she suggested.

"Why should they quarrel?" I asked.

She shook her head. "You are sparring with me, Jimmie, in some mistaken idea of being loyal to Mr. Norcross. You needn't, you know. Mr. Norcross has told me all about his plans; he has even been generous



"You Are Sparring With Me, Jimmie."

enough to say that I helped him make them. That is why I cannot understand why he should do as he has done—or at least as everybody believes he has done."

I saw how it was. She was trying to find some explanation that would clear the boss, and perhaps implicate the Hatch crowd. I couldn't tell her the real reason why he had run away. Maisie Ann had been right as right about that; we must keep it to our two selves. But I tried to let her down easy.

"Mr. Van Britt has told you about those two telegrams that came after Mr. Norcross left the office," I said, still covering up the fact that the telegrams hadn't been delivered—that they were probably in the pocket of my coat right now, wherever that was. "They were enough to make any man throw up his hands and quit, I should say."

"No," she insisted, looking me straight in the eyes. "You are not telling the truth now, Jimmie. You know Mr. Norcross better than any of us, and you know that it isn't the least little bit like him to walk out and leave everything to go to wreck. Have you ever known of his doing anything like that before?"

I had to admit that I hadn't; that, on the other hand, it was the very thing you'd least expect him to do. But at the same time I had to hang on to my sham belief that it was the thing he had done: either that, or tell her the truth.

"Every man reaches his limit, some time!" I protested. "What was Mr. Norcross to do, I'd like to know; with Mr. Chadwick getting scared out, and Mr. Dunton threatening to fire him?"

"The thing he wouldn't do would be to go off and leave all of his friends, Mr. Van Britt and Mr. Hornack, and all the rest, to fight it out alone. You know that as well as I do, Jimmie Dodds!"

"If you won't take my theory, you must have one of your own," I said; not knowing what else to say.

"I have," she flashed back, "and I want you to hurry and get well so that you can help me trace it out."

"Me?" I queried.

"Yes, you. The others are all so stupid! even Mr. Van Britt and Mr. Ripley. They insist that Mr. Norcross went east to see and talk with Mr. Chadwick. They have found out that Mr. Chadwick left Chicago the day after he sent that telegram, to go up into the Canadian woods to look at some mines, or something. They say that Mr. Norcross has followed him, and that is why they don't hear anything from him."

"What do you think?" I asked.

She didn't answer right away, and in the little pause I saw a sort of frightened look come into her eyes. But all she said was, "I want you to hurry up and get well, Jimmie, so you can help."

"I'm well enough now, if they'll let me get up."

"Not tonight; tomorrow, maybe." Then: "Mr. Van Britt is down-stairs with Cousin Basil. He has been very anxious to talk with you as soon as you were able to talk. May I send him up?"

Of course I said yes; and pretty soon after she went away, our one and only millionaire came in. He looked as he always did; just as if he had that minute stepped out of a Turkish bath where they shave and scrub and polish a man till he shines.

"How are you, Jimmie?" he rapped out. "Glad to see you on earth again. Feeling a little more fit, tonight?"

I told him I didn't think it would take more than half a dozen fellows of my size to knock me out, but I was gaining. Then he sat down and put me on the question rack. I gave him all I had—except that thing about the undelivered telegrams and two or three others that I couldn't give him or anybody.

"We're in pretty bad shape, aren't we?" I suggested.

"We couldn't be in worse shape," was the way he put it. Then he told me a little more than Maisie Ann had; how President Dunton had wired to stop all the betterment work on the Short Line until the new general manager could get on the ground; how the local capitalists at the head of the new Citizens' Storage & Warehouse organization were scared plumb out of their shoes and were afraid to make a move; and how the newspapers all over the state were saying that it was just what they had expected—that the railroad was crooked in root and branch, and that a good man couldn't stay with it long enough to get his breath.

"Then the new general manager has been appointed?" I asked.

He nodded. "Some fellow by the name of Dismuke. I don't know him, and neither does Hornack. He is on his way west now, they say."

"Mr. Norcross hasn't shown up at Mr. Chadwick's Chicago offices?" I ventured.

"No. The telegraph people have been wiring everywhere and can't get any trace of him."

"Tell them to try Galesburg. That's where his people live."

"I know," he said; and he made a note of the address on the back of an envelope. Then he came at me again, on the "direct," as a lawyer would say.

"You've been closer to Norcross in an intimate way than any of us, Jimmie: haven't you seen or heard something that would help to turn a little more light on this damnable blow-up?"

I hadn't—outside of the one thing I couldn't talk about—and I told him so, and at this he let me see a little more of what was going on in his own mind.

"You're one of us, in a way, Jimmie, and I can talk freely to you. Mrs. Macrae insists that there has been foul play of some sort. You say you weren't present when Hatch called on Norcross at the office that night?"

"No; I came in just after Hatch went away."

"Did Norcross say anything to make you think there had been a fight?"

"He told me that Hatch was abusive and had made threats—in a business way."

"In a business way? What do you mean by that?"

I quoted the boss' own words, as nearly as I could recall them.

"So Hatch did make a threat, then? Can you add anything more?"

I could, but I didn't want to. Mr. Van Britt didn't know anything about the Sand Creek siding hold-up, or I supposed he didn't, and I didn't want to be the first one to tell him. Besides, the whole business was beside the mark. Maisie Ann knew, and I knew, that the boss, strong and unbreakable as he was in other ways, had simply thrown up his hands and quit because somebody had told him that Mrs. Sheila had a husband living. So I just said:

"Nothing that would help out," and after he had talked a little while longer our only millionaire went down-stairs again.

It's so funny how things change around for a person just by giving them time to sort of shake down into place and fit themselves together. After a while the chin edge of the wedge that Mrs. Sheila had been trying to drive into me began to take hold, just a little, in spite of what I knew—or thought I knew. Was it barely possible, after all, that there had been foul play of some sort?

(To be continued.)

THE SOCIAL CREED OF THE CHURCHES

The following has been adopted by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America:

1. Equal rights and justice for all men.
2. Abolition of child labor.
3. Right conditions of women's work.
4. Suppression of the "sweating system."
5 Reduction of working hours to the lowest practicable point.
6. One day's rest in seven.
7. All men's right to a chance for self-maintenance.
8. Protection of workers from non-employment.
9. A living wage as a minimum, and the highest wages the industry can afford.
10. Protection of workers from dangerous machinery and occupational diseases.
11. Provision for the old and the injured.
12. Conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes. The right of employers and laborers to organize.
13. The abatement and prevention of poverty.
14. The most equitable division of the products of industry.

"It seems impossible for an office-holder to save anything for a rainy day," says a congressman. The same is true of umbrella-holders.—San Diego Tribune.

When we can no longer blame things on liquor or war's reaction, we may begin to suspect that human nature itself is a little faulty.—New London Day.

The end of Heine's obstinacy is near. The Allies are taking over the breweries in occupied regions.—New Haven Union.

A French writer says the French are still eating war bread, and their attitude indicates that there is something in diet, after all.—Kingston (Ontario) Whig.

Uncle Walt's Story

GREEKS BEARING GIFTS

"I UNDERSTAND that this is your birthday," said Traphagen, cordially, "and I have brought you a few cigars as a token of affection and good will. I hope you'll live to be a hundred and enjoy the best of health."

"I don't want to live to be a hundred," growled Rumbelow. "When a man has to live in such a community as this, where his neighbors are always framing up plots and conspiracies against him, he comes to the conclusion that the sooner he falls off the earth, the better it will be.

"You can take your cigars home and feed them to your cow. If you would give that beast enough to eat, she wouldn't be forever breaking into my back yard and eating the washing off the clothesline. The other day, I spent several hours cleaning up a lot of my old neckties. I went over them with gasoline and made them as good as new, and then hung them on the line to dry out. Your cow came over and ate every blamed one of them, for the ties were gone when I went out for them, and I could see her tracks along under the clothesline. If you want to make her feel comfortable, you ought to give her a handful of bone collar buttons and a few stickpins. Those neckties must feel lonesome down in her old sheet iron stomach.

"I don't want any presents from my neighbors when I am celebrating a birthday or any other occasion. Last Christmas Bigelow came over and said he had just received some fine cigars from a friend of his who had a stokie ranch down in Cuba. Only kings and emperors ever had such smokes, he said, for the tobacco of which they were made was never put on the market, but supplied to a few private customers among the crowned heads. I took the cigars and thanked Bigelow in all the languages at my command, and made up my mind that he was a pretty good fellow, after all.

"In the afternoon, I went down to the postoffice, smoking one of those royal cigars. It certainly was rich. A few friends were standing with me in the lobby, and I began telling them of having received a present of some cigars of the sort reserved for the crowned heads. I felt pretty good over it, and the other fellows were envious, for the best they had were the two-fers you get at the grocery store. Just when I was all swelled up, and enjoying myself like a hired man at the fair, that cigar went off. There was a spiral spring about a yard long compressed into it, and when the cigar burnt up a certain distance, it was released, and flew out with a whir. On this occasion it hit Absalom Jenks in the eye. He's a hasty sort of man, and he just naturally landed one on my nose before he had time to reflect that I wasn't to blame.

"I don't think I ever felt as silly as I did, standing there with three feet of twisted wire dangling from my mouth, and my nose pushed out of alignment. Those fellows I had been talking to seemed to think it was mighty funny, and the way they whooped around was disgusting. For three weeks after that, every man I met wanted to know if the crowned heads had sent me any more cigars, and I was arrested twice for disturbing the peace.

"Something of that sort happens every time you fellows begin to take a fatherly interest in me. Fesseden came over one day and said that the great problem of the age was saving fuel. Most of our money goes up the chimney, he said. Fortunately, he was on friendly terms with a great eastern scientist who had invented a powder that could save fuel, and this scientist had sent him some, and he wanted to throw a handful in the fire, and the coal would burn twice as long. I threw some into the kitchen stove, and I haven't found all the pieces yet. One of the oven doors must have been blown so high it never came down. So I tell you, I don't want any present from you. I'll buy whatever I need."

Not to Be Noticed.

"In the quiet of your home, don't you often hear a still small voice?"

"Not much; my wife hasn't got that kind."

Rattles Him, Too.

"The average lawyer fills me with admiration."

"In what way?"

"On account of the confident way he examines a man on a subject he has barely heard of, when the man has made it a life study."

Fine Cigar.

"Yes, these are genuine Havana cigars."

"Sell 'em everywhere, I suppose!"

"Well, we've never tried to sell 'em in Havana."

The Scrap Book

MIGHT HAVE BEEN, AT THAT

Still, Worker on Handcuffs Could Have Been a Little Less Pointed in His Answer.

A company of merchants were being shown over a large manufacturing establishment. Among them was an outspoken and blustering man, who endeavored to impress the others with a sense of his importance.

"I should not be surprised if that man over there is making something on my account," he said.

"Indeed," replied one of the party, greatly impressed. "Let us go and see what it is."

They went over.

"My good man," began the self-important one, "what is it you are making? Anything for my use, eh?"

"Shouldn't wonder if it was," replied the workman; "it's a pair of handcuffs."

INGENUITY SHOWN BY RATS

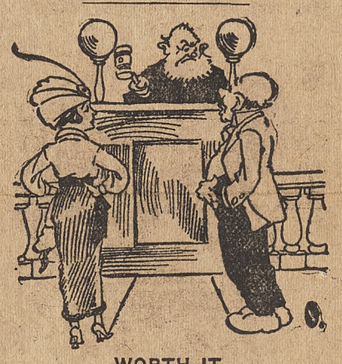
According to This Story, Rodents in England Are About as Clever as They Make Them.

An extraordinary story of the cunning of rats is vouched for by one of the government's rat experts, and told in the London Mail.

The proprietors of a Leeds factory, to destroy the rats that infested their premises, adopted an increasingly used method that consisted of laying down attractive baits and paving the way to them with large plates dressed with a sticky varnish after the style of bird lime.

Such plates have caught and held hundreds of rats, but in the Leeds instance the crafty rodents carried to the scene large quantities of factory waste, which they laid over the varnish.

Over this carpet they passed to and from the baits. The latter were eaten, but the rats escaped.



WORTH IT

Judge: Well sir it will just cost you $25 for the five kisses you stole from this lady without her permission.

Prisoner: Yer honor if it's all the same to you I'll give you $50 and take five more.

Quickly Ends Fainting Fit.

Natives of Rapau have a curious and drastic method of bringing a man round when he has fainted. If water thrown in his face has no immediate effect a piece of burning wood from the fire is placed against the big toe of the left foot. For some unknown reason the fire-brand is never applied to the big toe of the right foot. In a few seconds after the stick is used the man's leg muscles begin to contract and as a rule he quickly recovers his senses.

No Assistance Necessary.

I have a small brother whom I often take to the movies, and as he cannot read, I tell him the subtitles aloud. One night I went to a picture show with a young man I had known only a short time. After we were comfortably seated I became so interested in the picture that I absent mindedly began to read the subtitles aloud. I read several before my companion said crushingly: "You know I've gone to school, though I may not look like it."—Chicago Tribune.

More Than Obliging.

On a train one evening, I happened to glance over to my side, there being two young boys sitting together, one writing with many flourishes. After I had been watching him for quite a while and not thinking of what I was doing, I heard the other boy say: "You better write your address too, so that if anybody is looking they will know where you live."—Exchange.

Ostriches' Christmas Dinner.

Ostriches have no sense of taste, according to a ranch manager in Pasadena, Cal., but they like "the feel of a neckful of oranges." Accordingly a Christmas dinner of nine thousand oranges was served to the birds.

Spring Flows From Tree.

A flowing spring from a tree is the curiosity reported to exist in the suburbs of Berne, Switzerland. The tree is a growing one, but emits a steady flow of water from its trunk.

The Proper Treatment.

"Well, girlie, what's the matter?"

"Doctor, I have a broken heart."

"Uh! I think I'd better leave this case to my handsome young assistant!"

EL CAJON AND VICINITY

From El Cajon Valley News.

Izer Davis is reported as recovering rapidly from his recent severe illness.

Get your share of silverware from Flax.—Adv.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Paul of Long Beach, Calif., on Thursday, April 21.

Miss Minnie Gilmore of San Diego is spending the week-end with the Misses Graybiel.

The Priscilla club of Pepper Drive met with Mrs. Elmer Pratt Wednesday afternoon of this week.

Mrs. Chrisler, who has been quite ill for the past two weeks, is convalescent and able to be about again.

Mrs. M. F. Futhey of Oakland is visiting Mrs. J. A. Stauff at the maintenance station east of Bostonia.

Mrs. Annie Stansfield left Saturday for Los Angeles, where she will visit friends before going abroad.

G. L. and H. K. Wilhite of Hillsdale have bought a new Ford touring car from E. Rex Gorton.

Miss P. M. Butler of Los Angeles was the week-end guest of her friend, Miss Ruth Burger.

C. P. Richards, representing the Bankers' Life Insurance Co., was doing business in El Cajon Tuesday.

G. D. Warner, formerly of San Diego, has been employed as barber for the J. J. Brenner shop in El Cajon.

Mr. and Mrs. Orr of Oakland, Cal., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Lea at Leahurst ranch on Pepper Drive.

Mrs. Vic Hill returned last week to Linsey and will again take charge of the office for the Hillside Citrus Association.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Holland and son from Pamo valley near Ramona were guests of Mrs. Holland's sister, Mrs. E. W. Moyer, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Starr expect to move into their garage this week and will make the building their temporary home.

Major Tobin, a special agent of the Union Assurance Society with local headquarters in San Diego, was in El Cajon on business Tuesday.

The friends of Mrs. Frank Dell were very much pleased to see her down town Tuesday. She had been confined to her bed for nine weeks with a severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Giessler, parents of Mrs. E. G. Dowery, who have been spending six months or more in California, left last week for their home in Wyoming.

Jack Dent is home on a ten-day furlough from San Pedro, where he is in the wireless service of the navy. He says he likes Los Angeles and adjacent towns very much.

C. J. Busch last week resigned his position as bookkeeper for the El Cajon Machine Co. and a Mr. Spurgeon recently from New York has been employed to take his place.

Vic Hill states that the "soda" business is picking up greatly in the Imperial valley. The hot weather keeps him busy hauling the goods to El Centro.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McClellan expect to move into their new home on Claydelle street the latter part of next week. The new house is a bungalow with four rooms and a screened porch.

Mrs. Myrtle M. Lyons of San Diego recently purchased three acres of land in the Sunshine tract at Bostonia and is building thereon and has nearly completed a four-room modern bungalow which she will make her home.

Mary Pickford in "Suds" will be the feature picture on Friday evening, May 6, at the community church. There will also be an exceptionally good scenic reel and a weekly news reel.

H. C. Haning, known as "Curly," who is employed in the Stell-Clark store, has been off duty on account of illness for a week, but will soon be back at his old place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cutler, now of Coronado, attended church in El Cajon last Sunday. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bush of that city.

J. L. Dorr was home for a visit this week. He is now located in Los Angeles in the oil drilling business. He is secretary-treasurer of the Brewster Oil Co. that owns and is developing wells in Texas. G. A. Riggle, also the owner of a ranch east of town, is the president of the company, and other residents of this valley are interested financially. Mr. Dorr still owns his ranch on Main street and wants to find a tenant for it. Mrs. Dorr has remained here during his absence.

Miss Celeste Harrison was the week-end guest of Mrs. E. G. Dowery. Miss Harrison is with the Field-Austin Safe Co., the concern that furnished the new vault door for the Cuyamaca State Bank.

Mrs. E. H. Ward of Pepper Drive is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Stanley Conant, and children of Oceanside. Mrs. Conant formerly lived in Santee and Mr. Conant was employed by the Standard Oil Co. there. He is still in the employ of that company.

The Ballantyne family gave a birthday surprise dinner to Mrs. Arthur Ballantyne at her home last Saturday. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Rosenberger, Mr. and Mrs. James Ballantyne and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McClellan.

Charles E. Schroeder, who purchased the Cutler house near the Bostonia high school building, has built a Corning house and pigeon house and is in the chicken business and also in that of producing choice pigeons of registered stock.

Joe T. Day, who recently purchased a part of the John Ballantyne ranch, is building a fine modern seven-room bungalow on the land. The estimated cost of the building is between $6,000 and $7,000 and it will be one of the best equipped and furnished homes in the valley.

Miss Corienne Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hall of Bostonia, recently graduated as a trained nurse from a Pasadena college and has accepted a position as night superintendent of that institution. She is expected home for a visit with her parents in about two weeks.

S. C. Seidel left the latter part of last week with two carloads of fruit for Duluth, Minn. One car of lemons came from the Seidel ranch and one car of oranges was packed out by a local company. The shipment will go directly to Duluth unless a favorable market should occur en route.

A. W. Thomas, the new baker, made a formal opening of his place next door to the bank Thursday of last week. He is an experienced man in that business and states that he is well satisfied with the situation here and is grateful to the people for the reception and patronage given him.

Mrs. A. Weinstock entertained at her home Friday evening of last week in honor of Miss Weinstock's birthday. A birthday dinner was served and the evening was spent in dancing. The gests were Miss Peggy Winchester of San Diego, Misses Lillian Ballantyne and La Rose Miller and Mrs. Emma Henderson.

The Priscilla Club met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Pratt. The afternoon was spent in conversation and sewing, and plans were made for a farewell social to be given later. Refreshments were served. The guests were Mesdames F. E. Graves, Mote, Padgett, Worsham, Kuntz, Wise, Kalstrom and Dowery, and Misses Bergner and Cramer.

C. L. Kessler of San Diego has been here several days this week installing a complete pumping system on the Stell vineyard east of town. It consists of a 5-horse power electric motor and an eight-inch double acting cylinder pump with a capacity of 15 inches. The pump is driven by a belt. Both pump and motor are placed on concrete foundations.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Moyer will move to San Diego Saturday, and the new owners of the place, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stafford, will take possession. Mr. and Mrs. Moyer will visit relatives and old friends in San Diego, Ramona and other points for a few weeks and expect to leave June 1 for Hamilton, Montana. They will go over the coast route and visit in Oregon, Washington and Idaho on the way.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Wells, recent purchasers of the Meader place on south Magnolia avenue, are completing the construction of a modern Corning house for the occupancy of about a thousand laying hens, and also a modern brooder house to be occupied by about the same number of baby chicks. They expect to go into the chicken business in this way at present and will raise their own stock next year.

Mrs. G. S. Graves Tuesday evening entertained informally at her home near Bostonia the wives of the American Legion members. The evening was spent with cards and other diversions. Most delicious divinity was served. The guests were Mrs. J. A. Parks and Mrs. Reuben Levy of La Mesa, Mrs. L. H. Brigham, Mrs. Albert Gibson and Mrs. Grady McDougal of Lakeside and Mrs. Rex L. Hall, Mrs. I. B. Call and Mrs. E. G. Dowery of El Cajon.

Great Britain appears to be a body of land wholly surrounded by hot water.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Complete pumping plant cheap. Kibbey's. Adv.

GROSSMONT HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The seniors of Grossmont High, undaunted by the cold weather, enjoyed a beach supper at Coronado last Saturday evening.

The eighth grade graduates of Lakeside, El Cajon, Foster and El Capitan were the special guests of the High School on Tuesday. To many, the studies and program were entirely new, but we hope that all found it sufficiently interesting that they will want to add to the number of freshmen next fall. They were served a lunch by the girls of the Domestic Science department. The students from the other schools will visit in the near future.

The ball game at Escondido, which was played last Friday, was lost by a score of 9 to 11, in Escondido's favor. Though we all feel badly to have lost this game, we are glad to know that we still have a chance to win the county championship.

The junior class will celebrate "Junior Day" on Wednesday of this week with a picnic at Coronado.

The entire senior class plans to visit the Normal School next Friday.

The trigonometry class is taking up the study of surveying, under the direction of Mr. Quicksall.

The juniors held an ice cream sale Tuesday afternoon to raise additional money for the school annual.

An executive committee meeting was held recently to decide on the letters for the basketball teams.

We are all glad to see Margaret McAuliffe in school again after her recent illness.

For four days the students of Grossmont and Ramona schools have been held in suspense, for the two schools had tied for first place in the county league of baseball and each was equally anxious to gain the honor. But now the suspense is over and our praise for our team is running riot. Grossmont met and defeated Ramona Tuesday afternoon by a score of 33 to 2. Grossmont's line-up was as follows: Lester Perry, p; Harold Still, c; Lloyd Brown, 1b; Gordon McKenzie, 2b; Eugene Freeman, 3b; Elwood Laws, ss; Everett Wise, rf; Thomas Ballantyne, cf; Eugene Irwin, lf; Lynn McClure, utility.

The last game of the county will be played at Coronado on Friday and, with the heavy side of that score in our favor, we will hold the championship and be ready for the northern games.

ESTHER RAYNOLD HAWLEY.

LA MESA HEIGHTS POULTRY CLUB

The last meeting of the Poultry Club was held on Friday evening, the 15th, and was the first of the club's social nights. It was decided, however, then and there, that it be not the last.

It is one of the aims of this club to try and further the spirit of co-operation between the poultrymen of this section, and to attain this it would seem quite necessary that we get real well acquainted with each other. To that end the social was held, and proved to be a gala event.

The program was in charge of Mr. E. W. Kenricks, who deserves much of the credit for making the event the success it proved to be. The program included selections by our male quartet, solos by Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Whealy; recitations by Mr. Tadlock, Jr., Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Roberts. Each was received by a regular honest-to-goodness hand-clapping. At the finish a grand march was taken up and in passing a certain point each was given a long card at the top of which was printed "My name is....," while directly under followed, "What is yours?". One-half hour was then spent in completing this card by meeting and registering as many people as possible. Suitable prizes were awarded the winner and loser. Then last, but not least, came the eats and they sure were some eats, too. Messrs. Tadlock and Curzon were masters of ceremony and to them should go all of the remaining credit of the evening.

Lest the attendance should be forgot, 126 people were served lunch, and as a visitor from El Cajon expressed it, "Well, sir, I had a fine time. I never met a finer bunch of people and I believe you have the finest poultry club in Southern California."

The next meeting will be held May 12. Come.

W. L. HOUGHTON,
Secretary.

EL CAJON BASEBALL TEAM MEMBER OF THE COUUNTY LEAGUE

At a special meeting of the managers of the several clubs concerned, held at the Cycle & Arms store in San Diego Tuesday evening, Manager Ed Mueller of the El Cajon club signed up the El Cajon team for the county league series.

The season is to last 12 weeks, commencing Sunday, May 1. Six teams secured franchises in the league at this meeting, among them being La Jolla, Escondido, Oceanside, Lyceum Theater, Colored Giants and El Cajon.

Strict amateur club by-laws were adopted at the meeting, and Carl Klindt of the Cycle & Arms store was chosen president of the league. Each team was also required to post a forfeit of $25 to insure due observance of the by-laws, and especially to guarantee the fulfillment of schedule of each club in the organization. At the expiration of the season these deposits will be refunded to the respective managers, providing there have been no infractions of the rules.

El Cajon's first game will be played on the home diamond next Sunday with La Jolla's fast aggregation. Manager Mueller was also able to secure the playing of 8 out of the 12 games here on the home grounds. Consequently El Cajon fans will have an excellent brand of ball offered them throughout the season, and will not have to travel far to see it. The recent city league in San Diego has just closed a very successful season, and the players there entered are at present out of jobs. It is understood that the other teams in the new county league are making every effort to secure this talent in their line-ups, and if so, the league promises to be fast company indeed, as a mighty good brand of ball has been staged at the stadium during the past few weeks.

However, according to the new league rules, each team is allowed to carry a squad of fifteen men, so with this number to select from the competition matter will be as broad as it is long, and Manager Mueller feels confident that El Cajon can put a club in the field that will make them all sit up and take notice.

TELL US ABOUT IT

It's big news in New York when J. P. Morgan returns from a European trip, and the papers devote column after column to it. But it is not of as much interest to Lakeside citizens as it is to read in their home paper that a former resident of the town is back here on a visit, or that you are preparing to pay a visit to some one in another section of the country. Home news holds first place in this community. That is why we want to impress you with the necessity of helping to gather that home news, that your home paper may place it before its readers. We want every personal item we can get. We want to know about all the visiting that is going on in the community, for every visit is of interest to some one besides the party making it. It takes but a second or two of your time to jot it down, or to keep it in mind and pass it to some one from this office whom you meet on the street. It may appear a small item in your estimation, and yet it may interest some far-away reader more than any other item in the paper. Remember this, and remember that as you help your home paper so is it going to help you by helping the whole community in which you live.

Joseph's in New Brunswick, Jerome's in Berlin, Ontario, and St. Mary's in Lebanon, Ky.—Union, April 26.

Come in and enter your name in our wonderful

Prize Contest

To celebrate the formal opening of our new store, will give the following prizes to contestants having largest number of votes (vote with every 1 cent purchase).

First Prize—6 Community Par Plate Knives
Second Prize—6 Community Par Plate Table Spoons
Third Prize—6 Community Par Plate Forks
Fourth Prize—6 Community Par Plate Tea Spoons
Fifth Prize—1 Butter Knife and Sugar Shell

Not to forget the kiddies, will give Handsome Dressed Doll to girl winner; Gold Plated Knife and Chain to boy winner.

Contest to start April 30th and close the day of formal opening in new store, about May 31st.

Prizes to be awarded at 8 P. M.

JOE FLAX

La Mesa 159. La Mesa, Cal.